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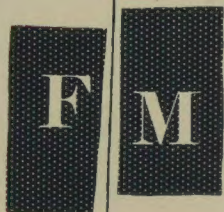
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October

In these days of defined standards and precision manufacture, it is pleasant to contemplate the golf ball. This useful article in the days of its youth was constructed of leather and 'stuffed with as many featheris as will fill a hat'. Whose hat—and whose feathers—was not stated and the ruling, in consequence, would seem to leave a certain scope for individuality. But the game was becoming organised. The middle of the 18th century saw the beginnings of that great institution, the Golf Club, of which there are now in Great Britain upwards of 2,000. Two thousand Golf Clubs—and two thousand Honorary Secretaries chasing *x* thousand subscriptions! You can save yours the trouble by using the Midland Bank Standing Orders service, which will pay all such items for you automatically on their due dates.

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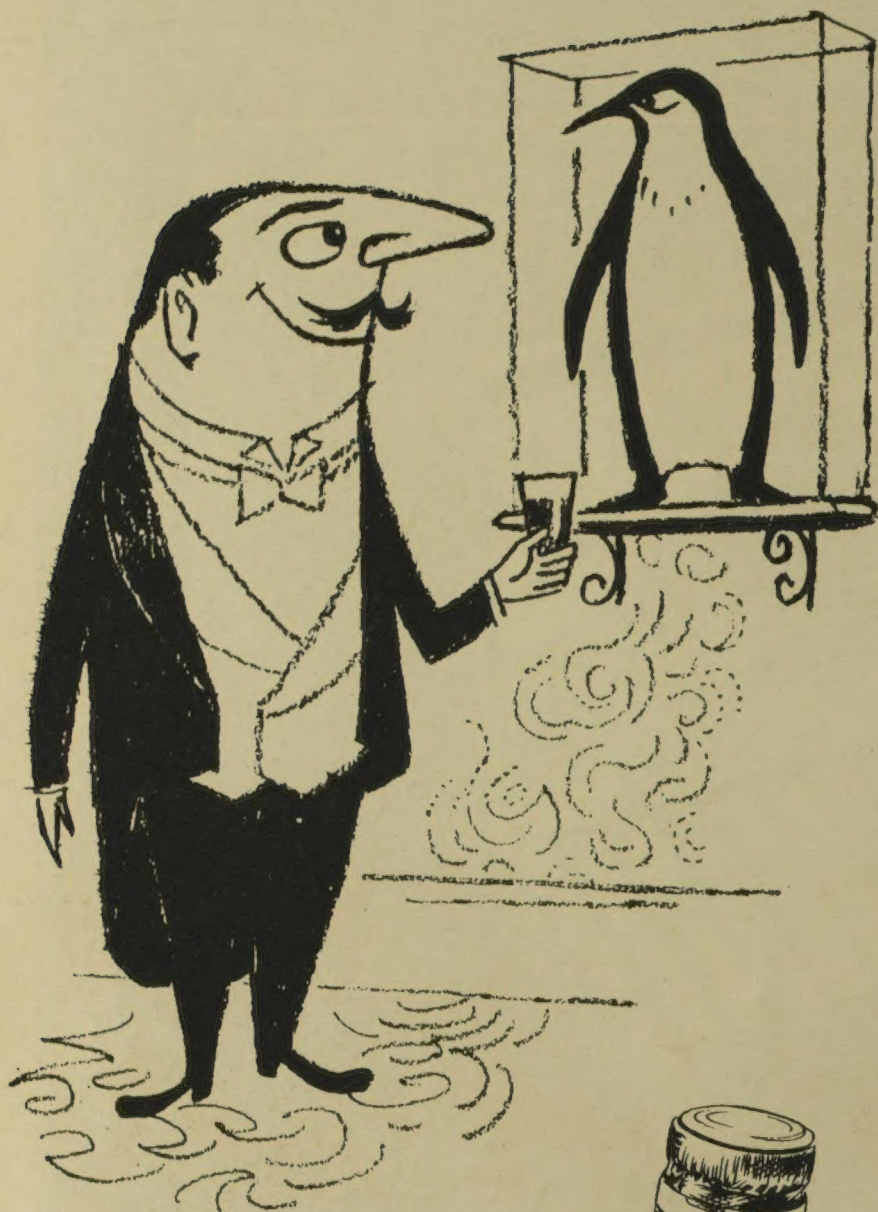
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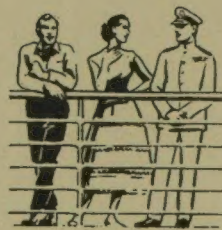
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South Africa

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Hearing all about Sir Timothy's trip,

John Graham had an idea. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so tired as when the doctor had sent him away last April. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so jaunty as now he was back in the office. Sir Timothy's sea voyage round Africa had set him up wonderfully. So...

You see, John Graham, Senior Partner, was on the point of retirement. He and his wife were building a house in Devon. But by Graham's retirement date the house was not going to be finished.

The Grahams' alternatives were (a) to camp in a nearby hotel and nag the architect and builder, or (b) to go right away. After listening to Sir Timothy, Graham took his wife for a stroll up Bond Street to the Union-Castle offices, and the decision was made.

They would go right away—in fact to Cape Town and back, with two weeks 'shore leave'.

There was a mid-November fog in London the Thursday they left Waterloo for the 'Stirling Castle'. They were in bright sunshine off the coast of Portugal by lunch-time on the Saturday, and swimming off the rocks at Reid's Hotel in Madeira during the afternoon trip ashore on Sunday. The 'Stirling Castle' did the Grahams proud in that fortnight. They toasted and tanned, they bathed and basked. They saw films, they danced, they experimented with items of Union-Castle cuisine such as John Graham had previously only encountered at City banquets.

When they got to Cape Town, the Grahams heard that the carpenters were in at the house. The decorators were in while they were at the Rest Camp in the Hluhluwe Game Reserve in Natal, with spools of exciting colour film already in their luggage.



South into six weeks sunshine

Back to Cape Town, with two more weeks of the easy shipboard life to look forward to. New friends and old friends. Mountains of luggage without extra charge. Round-the-clock Union-Castle service.

Their house was ready for occupation when

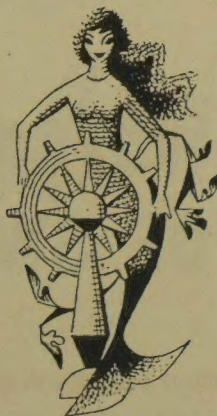
they got back. It was a ritual moment when they turned on the heating to warm themselves back to South Atlantic comfort.

What have the Grahams lost? A lot of lines from their faces. Gained? Well, in six weeks, they say, they have caught up with twenty years' arrears of sleep, warmth, sunshine, reading and regular meals. Incidentally, by going and coming back on the dates they chose, they came in for the seasonal 'Quick Trip' reductions* in Union-Castle First Class Fares, and they are £100 and more in pocket as a result. They were grateful to Sir Timothy (now Senior Partner) for the tip. They tipped him back—a case of the excellent South African liqueur, Van der Hum.



* There are similar fare reductions if you travel First Class by the 'Athlone Castle', leaving Southampton on November 13th this year, and come back by one of the three next mail ship sailings from Cape Town.

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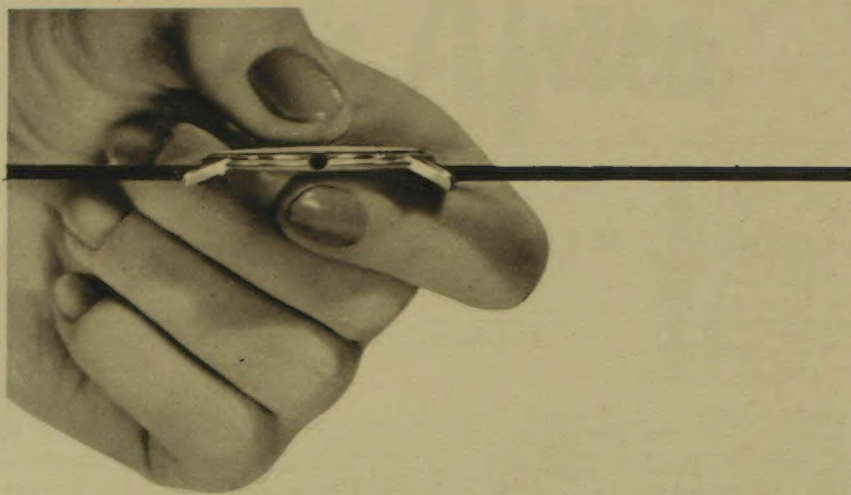


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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1958.



A VAIN HELICOPTER RESCUE ATTEMPT WITH A TRAGIC ENDING: THE SCIMITAR CRASH FROM H.M.S. VICTORIOUS.

While the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Victorious* was sailing in the English Channel on her way from Portsmouth to the Mediterranean on September 25—operational for the first time since her eight years' modernisation and reconstruction—the first aircraft due to embark on her came to grief. This was a *Scimitar* swept-wing jet of No. 803 Squadron, piloted by the Squadron's commanding officer, Commander D. Russell. Commander Russell appeared to have made a perfect landing when an arrester wire suddenly broke and the aircraft plunged off the flight deck into the sea. A helicopter standing by immediately moved towards the jet, which remained

afloat for about two minutes. The pilot was seen to open and shut his cockpit, but he seemed unable to get out. As a rating was being lowered from the helicopter the jet suddenly sank, and after an hour's search *Victorious* continued embarking her aircraft. Commander Russell was listed as missing. Before *Victorious* left Portsmouth her commanding officer, Captain C. P. Coke, had said: "Our trials went according to schedule. The only hitch was with the flight deck arrester gear, but this was soon put right." No. 803 is the first Naval squadron of *Scimitars* to have been formed, and its appointment to *Victorious* is its first service afloat.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

REALISTIC strategy has never, so far as I can see, been President Eisenhower's strong point. He shares with Marlborough the distinction of having been history's most successful Supreme Commander and co-ordinator of Allied forces in war and on a scale never dreamed of by his famous predecessor. In addition to becoming twice President of the United States, his record of achievement is thus enough to make any man proud, though he has always been, and still remains despite of it, a modest man. But as a strategist, history, I suspect, is not likely to rank him very high. His first major essay in that sphere was the plan he drafted for General Marshall in the spring of 1942 for invading France that summer and establishing a permanent Second Front on the southern shore of the English Channel by 1943—projects which were obviously desirable if the means were available to carry them out, but which, without those means, were bound to end, not only in disaster but in the almost certain dissolution and defeat of the Grand Alliance. And to anyone capable of weighing up the factors of space, time and effort that make for success or failure in war, those means were palpably lacking or bound to be lacking at the dates envisaged in this brash plan. There were not enough ships available, there were not enough assault-craft and landing facilities, there was not enough air-power, there were not enough weapons of war, there were not enough trained and adequately-equipped men. Without such a sufficiency the enemy, with ten million men in arms and the entire rail and road system of Western Europe at his disposal, was for all practical purposes certain to be able to contain, defeat and annihilate the invaders. One of these projects of Eisenhower's was christened "Sledgehammer" and the other "Round-Up," and they were very well named. "Sledgehammer" was what was bound, by every calculation of probability, to descend on any naked fingers that in the summer of 1942 sought to find a hold, from the U-boat-haunted seas, on the rocky confines of Hitler's Western Wall; the massacre of Dieppe of that August illustrated, on a small scale, the rapidity and force with which that sledgehammer could descend. And "Round-Up" was what was certain to happen to the larger force that Eisenhower calculated would be able to get ashore in the slightly more hopeful conditions of May 1943. Both operations could not fail to present Hitler with the resounding triumph which his geographical asset of interior lines offered him so long as he possessed the means to exploit them. The overall objective of the Western Allies in 1942 and 1943 was clearly, therefore, to use their geographical asset of sea and amphibious power to deprive the enemy of those means before striking at his heart across the Channel, while Hitler's only hope of victory, short of destroying the Red Army, was to inveigle the Western Allies into a premature landing on territory where he possessed the means to smash and discredit them for ever while he was still in possession of those means. This, had the British Chiefs of Staff not succeeded in convincing Eisenhower's equally inexperienced military superiors of the impracticability of his plans, was precisely what this young American general's strategy would have given Hitler the opportunity of achieving.

Strategy is only common sense modifying geographical and military fact. Two years after General Eisenhower had presented the Western

Allies with his unrealistic plans, as a result of fortune, the successful planning of wiser men and the splendid gifts he had himself shown as a co-ordinator and conciliator of inter-Allied differences at supreme command level, he was presented with the opportunity of carrying out under very different conditions the project he had considered practicable in the bleak days of 1942. By that time the Mediterranean softening strategy that Churchill, Alanbrooke and the British Chiefs of Staff had with such difficulty persuaded their American colleagues to accept had achieved its dual purpose of strengthening the Allied position at sea and of drawing Hitler's strategic reserves away from their dominating central position between the eastern front and the potential western one into the mountainous and ill-served regions of Southern Europe. The Allies had now the technical wherewithal to strike effectively at the Channel shore, and the Germans no longer possessed the means to be sure of throwing them back or annihilating them. And in the great campaign that followed—one of the most spectacularly

They had not the strength or means of supply to choose more roads than one, but they had only to take one road and pursue it with all the concentrated force at their disposal to give the Nazi dominance the *coup de grâce* for which an exhausted Europe was praying. At this moment, for political reasons and not, it should be added, out of any desire for self-glorification, Eisenhower assumed command of the victorious ground forces himself and proceeded, despite Montgomery's protests, to throw away the opportunity of ending the war in 1944 by allowing each of his principal commanders to follow—or rather, attempt to follow—the road of his own choice. The result was that all the thrusts of his victorious but still comparatively small Army failed to reach their target, and Hitler was given time to raise a new and last Army with which to prolong the war for another six bloody and—for Europe—agonised months. Moreover, when the war was at last won, it was Soviet Russia who became the beneficiary of Eisenhower's fatal lack of strategic grasp.

Twice since the war this man of great talents and immeasurable charm and goodness and generosity of heart has shown, in a major issue, the same incapacity to grasp a salient strategic point affecting the security of the free world of which, by virtue of his great office and prestige, he is the principal champion and defender. Whether in 1956, at the time of the Suez crisis, he fully realised how essential to the independence of both Western Europe and Africa the Middle East and its oil and geography were, it is impossible to say, but it is clear from recent American policy that he has fully realised it since. Yet, for the strategic control of the Middle East, Levant and Eastern Mediterranean, one position and one alone is indispensable—the Suez Canal; and for the United States, with its wise insistence on defensive bases in Britain and every Atlantic and Western European country, as well as in the Pacific, to allow and even encourage the seizure of this base by the utterly unreliable Colonel Nasser was an act of strategic folly comparable with that of handing over the U.S. bases in Panama to a Central or Southern American military dictator aligned with Russia. And to-day, two years later, the West is faced by a new crisis and a new humiliation because the President and his Foreign Secretary have allowed themselves to be manoeuvred into

having either to defend or to surrender—with all the fatal loss of prestige and honour of doing so—some strategically indefensible and useless islands a few miles from the coast of China. No one has ever expressed better than the President the folly of yielding to threats of armed Communist force, yet he has apparently placed his own country and the free world which his country leads in the dilemma of either having to do so or to go to war, with all its terrible and incalculable consequences. Mr. Khrushchev, who like his predecessor, Stalin, is a realist where strategy is concerned, has grasped this and played his cards accordingly. For the United States to defend Formosa against Communist China—who has little more right to it than France to the Channel Islands—is justifiable strategically as morally. But to restrain her ally, Britain, in 1956, from protecting her violated rights in a matter as vital to her and the free world as the Suez Canal and then, two years later, to make the island of Quemoy an issue of global war or peace seems a kind of strategic lunacy.

CORFE CASTLE : THE PRESERVATION OF AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.



A VIEW OF CORFE CASTLE : AN AGREEMENT ABOUT THE FUTURE PRESERVATION OF THE REMAINS OF THIS ANCIENT FORTRESS HAS RECENTLY BEEN REACHED.

An agreement concerning the future preservation of the ruins of Corfe Castle has recently been reached between the Ministry of Works and Mr. Ralph Bankes, on whose property this ancient monument stands. The Government will make a grant towards urgent repairs and share future costs. Until now the full cost of repair, maintenance and opening the property to the public has been met by Mr. Bankes' family. Ownership of the Castle, a ninth-century stronghold near Wareham, Dorset, will not be affected by the Government's interest. The freehold stays in the Bankes family, which acquired it in 1635. The new agreement follows the report of the Ancient Monuments Board last May, in which it was stated that the condition of Corfe Castle was giving rise to anxiety.

successful in the history of war as well as one of the most difficult—Eisenhower had the good fortune to have serving under him as Commander-in-Chief of his Ground Forces one of the most brilliant soldiers of all time, Bernard Montgomery. In spite of their unchallenged ascendancy at sea and in the air, in spite of the superb planning which had preceded the operation, and in spite of the immense weight of weapons and material accumulated for it—and, in spite, it should be added, of Hitler's consummate folly in tying the hands of his own generals—I doubt if the Allies would have made good their foothold or, at any rate, have broken out of their narrow bridgehead before winter had it not been for Montgomery's superb generalship. As a result of it, by the end of August the German Army in the west, more than a million strong, was virtually destroyed and the forty or so Allied divisions by then on the Continent had the road to the heart of Germany—struggling at that moment to avert imminent disaster on her eastern, south-eastern and southern fronts—wide open before them.

THE FRENCH REFERENDUM: FRANCE'S MASSIVE SUPPORT FOR GEN. DE GAULLE.



IN ALGIERS: A FRENCH SENTRY, UPPER RIGHT, STANDS GUARD AS MOSLEMS QUEUE OUTSIDE VOTING TENTS ON SEPTEMBER '28.



IN PARIS: PEOPLE QUEUEING IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE BALLOT STATIONS DURING THE REFERENDUM OF SEPTEMBER 28.



GENERAL MASSU, A LEADER OF THE UPRISING IN ALGERIA EARLIER THIS YEAR, ABOUT TO CAST HIS VOTE IN ALGIERS.



A VOTING SCENE IN ALGERIA: A WOMAN ABOUT TO VOTE IN ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES OF KABYLIA.



IN BRAZZAVILLE: ABBE FULBERT YOLOU—A CATHOLIC PRIEST AND MAYOR OF THE CITY—ABOUT TO CAST HIS VOTE.



AT COLOMBEY-LES-DEUX- EGLISES, WHERE VOTING WAS 195 TO 1 IN FAVOUR OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION: GENERAL DE GAULLE CASTS HIS VOTE.

Voting in the referendum on the new draft Constitution took place in France and overseas French territories on September 28. (In Algeria, voting took place also on the two preceding days for security reasons.) At the time of writing, official referendum returns showed that the people of Metropolitan France had given the massive vote in favour of the Constitution which General de Gaulle had appealed for in his campaign preceding the voting. Early on September 29 it was reported that so far 15,292,129 votes had been counted

in favour of the Constitution and 3,736,508 against. These results showed that 84.8 per cent. of the registered voters went to the poll and that 79.15 per cent. of them voted "yes." While voters in France were voting on their future system of Government, those in the overseas territories were voting chiefly for or against independence—although exactly what was at stake in this respect in Algeria was not clearly known. General de Gaulle was expected to make an announcement in Algeria shortly after the referendum.

"A TOOT FOR BRITAIN'S OWN TRUMPET"; H.M.S. VICTORIOUS AT SEA; AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



ON THE OCCASION WHEN HE GAVE "BRITAIN'S OWN TRUMPET" A TOOT: MR. MACMILLAN OPENING THE ROLLS-ROYCE HIGH-ALTITUDE TEST PLANT. On September 26 when he opened the new Rolls-Royce engine high-altitude test plant at Derby, Mr. Macmillan said "Britain's own trumpet generally remains remarkably unblown . . . I think this mutism can be carried too far. So I enjoy giving an occasional toot. I am tooting now." And he went on to mention a number of spheres in which Britain led the world.



BUILT AT A COST OF NEARLY £4,000,000 AND CLAIMED AS THE ONLY PRIVATELY-OWNED HIGH-ALTITUDE TEST PLANT IN THE COMMONWEALTH: THE ROLLS-ROYCE PLANT AT DERBY, DESIGNED TO TEST JET ENGINES IN HIGH-ALTITUDE CONDITIONS.



THE REBUILT MORLEY COLLEGE, IN SOUTHWARK, WHICH H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER IS TO OPEN ON OCTOBER 29. THE ORIGINAL BUILDING WAS DESTROYED IN THE WAR. Morley College, Westminster Bridge Road, which provides a wide range of evening classes, was destroyed in the war and has been rebuilt at a cost of £130,000. Among the features of the new building are frescoes in the refectory by Mr. Edward Bawden, on themes from Chaucer.



H.M.S. VICTORIOUS AT SEA—A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS VERY CLEARLY THE FULLY ANGLED FLIGHT DECK, THE FIRST IN THE ROYAL NAVY'S CARRIERS. H.M.S. Victorious (30,000 tons) began her first operational commission on September 25, when she left Portsmouth to join the Mediterranean Fleet. Originally completed in 1941, she was almost completely rebuilt between 1950 and 1957 and incorporates all the latest developments.



MR. HAROLD WATKINSON, THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AND CIVIL AVIATION, SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT ON SEPTEMBER 26. During the first half of this year, 61,500 vehicles of types covered by this exhibition, to the value of £43,000,000, were shipped from British factories. Thirty-one British makes were exhibited, with two each from Germany and Czechoslovakia and one from the U.S.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LARGEST-EVER COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW AT EARLS COURT, WHICH IS PREDOMINANTLY A FINE SHOP WINDOW FOR BRITISH INDUSTRY.

FROM A ROMANO-BRITISH COFFIN TO THE *COMET* 4: EVENTS IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES.



ON VIEW AT THE TATE GALLERY UNTIL OCTOBER 27: THE BRONZE STATUE OF THE QUEEN BY MR. BEN ENWONWU, THE NIGERIAN SCULPTOR.

Mr. Ben Enwonwu's statue of the Queen was commissioned by the Nigerian Government and will eventually stand in front of the House of Representatives in Lagos, to commemorate her Majesty's visit to Nigeria in 1956. The statue is being shown at the Tate Gallery for one month before being shipped to Nigeria. One-and-a-half times life-size the statue shows her Majesty in the dress and insignia which she wore when she opened the Nigerian House of Representatives. Mr. Enwonwu was given a number of sittings for this work at Buckingham Palace.



TO BE VISITED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON NOVEMBER 14: THE ROYAL GREENWICH OBSERVATORY AT HERSTMONCEUX CASTLE, SUSSEX—A VIEW OF THE NEW MAIN ASTRONOMICAL BLOCK (EQUATORIAL GROUP).



(Right.) RECENTLY OPENED: THE L.C.C.'S NEW GARRATT GREEN COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL, BURNTWOOD LANE, WANDSWORTH—AN UP-TO-DATE AND ELABORATELY EQUIPPED SCHOOL FOR OVER 2000 GIRLS BETWEEN THE AGES OF ELEVEN AND EIGHTEEN.



AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF CANADA, MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA: THE *COMET* 4 AFTER ITS RETURN TO HATFIELD, HERTS.

The de Havilland *Comet* 4 jet airliner which has recently made a successful 25,000-mile tour in North and South America returned to its base at Hatfield on September 27. The return Atlantic crossing was made in 6 hrs. 18 mins. at an average speed of 562 m.p.h., with the help of a favourable wind. The same engines had been in use throughout the 100 hours of proving flights during the trip and had not given any trouble. Both the British *Comet* 4 and American Boeing 707 jet airliners are shortly to go into service on the Atlantic route, but at the time of writing no date for the opening of the *Comet* service had been announced.



FROM THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PAGAN FUNERARY TEMPLE AT LULLINGSTONE: WORKMEN LIFTING A CRUSHED LEAD COFFIN FROM THE FUNERARY CHAMBER.

The continued excavations at Lullingstone, Kent, under Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Meates, have been recently rewarded by the discovery of what seems to be a unique Romano-British funerary pagan temple of about A.D. 300. It consists of an inner square chamber within an outer square. The inner chamber was a cult room adorned with wall paintings and beneath this were the burials in lead coffins of a man and woman, presumably persons of considerable importance. One coffin had been robbed of its lead in antiquity. Among the grave goods were 30 "draughtsmen," 15 red, 15 white; also forks, spoons and glass utensils.

IN requesting the Prime Minister to receive its representatives—which he at once agreed to do—the General Council of the T.U.C. expressed its grave concern with events and dangers in the Formosa Channel. They are indeed matter for the grave concern of all thinking people. The old problem of the islands fringing the Chinese mainland has had its sharp and its quiet phases, but during the latter it has never become any less stubborn. In the light of present knowledge we may consider that the best chances of a solution were missed in the early days after the Nationalist withdrawal to Formosa, but it would

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

QUEMOY—THE DEBATE CONTINUES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

It is in New York that Britain is doing her utmost to find a solution of the problem. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has been in consultation with the Americans on the one hand and the Russians on the other. No one can guarantee that he will prove successful, but it is certain that these private

exchanges of views represent the most promising course. One avenue of advance which is obviously blocked for the time being is the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. There seems a fair possibility that representatives of Peking might be invited to take part in discussions in which Communist China was concerned, but even this would not be quickly arranged. Nothing is likely to be. An easing of difficulties and acerbities must be the limited first objective.

Meanwhile there is actual contact with Communist China at one point, in Warsaw. There talks, broken off after long and wearisome failure to make the slightest progress, have been resumed, and when last week the Minister of De-

fence, Mr. McElroy, was asked about the possibility of active American intervention at Quemoy, he replied that these talks should be "given a chance." It was noted that, though his words did not conflict with those of

headache. I acknowledge it would have been a startling coincidence if, as soon as correspondents were prevented from seeing the failures of the supply ships, there ceased to be any failures; but American statements about a betterment of the situation can be accepted. General Chiang Kai-shek has never given way an inch. He is

not only determined to keep the off-shore islands but, according to credible reports, still thinks of them in terms of invasion of the mainland. Yet the United States has never, in this or the earlier crisis, allowed the Nationalist forces to get out of hand. It seems fair to say that it realises the risk of being pushed over the brink of catastrophe if they did.

The background has some of the unpleasant features which bear witness to the strain to which the bombardment of Quemoy subjects the Anglo-American alliance—and the creation of such a strain is one of its objects. I have spoken of demands that the British Government should denounce the policy of the United States. On the other side there have been reliable reports of threats of "agonising re-appraisals" in case of failure to support the United States over the question of the off-shore islands. If true, they are evidence of folly, in view of the ease with which demands for re-appraisals could be started among the allies of the United States. And then the lobbying, the *quid pro quo*, the plan for action of which the significance differs wholly from its face value.

Far more important and sinister still is the reversal of Russian policy. From preaching to the Chinese a policy of caution for the time being, the Kremlin has gone over to encouraging and aiding them to take highly aggressive and dangerous action. It has supported China in language of an intemperance, absence of decency, and ferocity without precedent even in Soviet diplomatic correspondence. I fancy that the bombardment of Quemoy is to but a small extent a policy in its own right. Of course, Communist China would be delighted to wound Chiang, to humiliate the United States, but I believe there is more in it than that. This action is the symbol of a closer and more truculent Russo-Chinese alliance.

Brighter aspects are, however, to be found. The United States Government is not acting recklessly. The balance of American public opinion is certainly against involvement in any attack on the Chinese Communists, and this cannot fail to



SIR VINCENT TEWSON (LEFT), GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, AND MR. ROBERT WILLIS (CENTRE), CHAIRMAN OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE T.U.C., AT DOWNING STREET.

On September 25 Sir Vincent Tewson and Mr. Willis headed a T.U.C. delegation to the Prime Minister in Downing Street. The meeting was requested by the T.U.C. to present Trades Union views concerning Britain's rôle in the current crisis in the Far East. The Prime Minister assured the T.U.C. representatives that the United States had not received promises of British military support in the Formosa area.

not be helpful to harp on that string now. Our concern is with the present. It is not pretty to contemplate.

The desire of the T.U.C. to express its views on the subject to the Prime Minister in person and to ask him questions was reasonable. The only undesirable feature was the simultaneous statement urging that British abstention from the defence of Quemoy should be proclaimed. This would be a good example of how not to do things. The Prime Minister had already made it clear that Britain was not committed to the defence of Quemoy or the other islands in its category. The previous statement of an earlier Conservative Government that these islands were regarded as forming part of the mainland was on record and had never been in any way modified. Infinite harm can be done by lack of caution in such a situation. In this case, the difficulties of the United States might be aggravated.

General Chiang Kai-shek has clearly pressed for permission to bomb the artillery which has carried out the tremendous bombardments of Quemoy. It is pretty certain that he has also requested that forces of the United States should take part in the bombing. And indeed the distinction between firing back with a gun and dropping a bomb from an aircraft is at first sight odd. Reports have suggested that longer-range artillery has been landed to provide means of dealing with the Communist batteries on the mainland, and it would be a ludicrous situation if the Nationalists could not fire back. We have got to accept the fact that one of the intricacies of the situation is the psychological sentiment that a distinction between shelling and bombing does, in fact, exist.

Before the approach of the T.U.C. to Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Gaitskell had sent him a message on the same subject and on similar lines. Indeed, the attitude of the Leader of the Opposition was the more forthright. It amounted to a request that the Prime Minister should publicly demand the reversal of the policy of the United States. Whatever reply he may have expected, it was certainly not that Mr. Macmillan would agree to do so, but then in politics questions are often asked without expectation of an answer of any kind. The Prime Minister did repeat that Britain was not committed to the defence of these islands. He also reminded Mr. Gaitskell of the visit of the Foreign Secretary to New York.



THREE CHINESE NATIONALIST PILOTS WITH CAPTAIN MAX JESPERSON, HEAD OF A TEAM OF SIX U.S. AIR FORCE PILOTS GIVING INSTRUCTIONS ON THE F100 SUPER SABRE JET FIGHTER IN FORMOSA.

Mr. Dulles uttered a little earlier, they had a different significance and emphasis. Mr. Dulles had been talking in a not unfamiliar "can't go on for ever—patience may be exhausted" key. Mr. McElroy said that bombing attacks were not what the United States wanted.

On the spot, there would seem to have been an improvement in the victualling of Quemoy, though I feel sure ammunition supply is a far worse

count. The British Government is with equal certainty doing its utmost, in a spirit of friendship as well as a desire to prevent an extension of the crisis. Let it advance its ideas as forcibly as possible. No worse advice, however, could be given than that it should "speak out," that is to say, shout to the ears of the world proclamations of the proposals it is making, or complaints of hesitation to accept them. Such a course would render its efforts null and void.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



U.S.A. ARRIVING BACK IN THE UNITED STATES AFTER HER TRANS-POLAR VOYAGE: THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE *SKATE* ENTERING BOSTON HARBOUR.

The atomic-powered submarine U.S.S. *Skate* has returned to the United States—arriving at Boston on September 22—following her recent trans-Polar voyage and visits to Scandinavia and Holland. The route under the North Pole was pioneered by U.S.S. *Nautilus*.



AUSTRIA. IN THE NEUE HOFBURG, A WING OF THE FORMER IMPERIAL PALACE IN VIENNA: A MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL ATOMIC ENERGY AGENCY.

The Neue Hofburg, one of the wings of the former Imperial Palace in Vienna, and now converted into a permanent international conference centre, came into use in its new capacity for the first time on September 22, when representatives of the sixty-eight member states of the International Atomic Energy Agency met there. It was recently reported that a world-wide training plan for the study of the peaceful uses of atomic energy and embracing at present about 300 fellowships has been started by the year-old I.A.E.A.



CYPRUS. IN LIMASSOL: THE OWNER AND HIS WIFE IN THE RUINS OF THEIR HOUSE, DEMOLISHED WHEN IT WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN A STORE OF EXPLOSIVES.

Terrorist and anti-terrorist operations continued in Cyprus during the period preceding October 1 when the new British plan for the island was to be put into effect. In Limassol a house was demolished after it had been found to contain bombs and high explosives, and on September 26 in Nicosia terrorists exploded a road-mine in what was thought to be an attempt on the life of Major-General D. A. Kendrew, director of anti-terrorist operations in Cyprus. The explosion occurred seconds after his car passed the spot, and an escorting military vehicle was badly damaged, three soldiers being injured.



CYPRUS. A WRECKED MILITARY VEHICLE AFTER A BOMB EXPLOSION FROM WHICH THE DIRECTOR OF ANTI-TERRORIST OPERATIONS NARROWLY ESCAPED.



FRANCE. ONE OF THE CONCRETE SHIELDS FOR THE POLICE WHICH HAVE BEEN ERECTED FOLLOWING RECENT ALGERIAN TERRORIST ATTACKS. THE ARMED POLICEMAN IS GUARDING A PARIS POLICE STATION.



FRANCE. FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY'S SUCCESSOR AS DEPUTY SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, EUROPE, ARRIVES IN PARIS: GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE, WITH GENERAL SCHUYLER, S.H.A.P.E. CHIEF OF STAFF, (RIGHT), AT ORLY AIRPORT ON SEPTEMBER 22.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



TEXEL, THE NETHERLANDS. EVIDENCE OF THE STRENGTH OF THE SEA AND THE FACT OF EROSION: A GERMAN BUNKER, PART OF WORLD WAR II DEFENCES, WHICH ORIGINALLY STOOD SOME DISTANCE FROM THE SEA IN THE ISLAND OF TEXEL, UNDERMINED BY THE RECENT SEVERE AUTUMNAL GALES.



MALTA. A MASS MEETING OF MALTESE DOCKYARD WORKERS PROTESTING AGAINST THE CONVERSION OF THE NAVAL DOCKYARD TO DEVELOPMENT BY A PRIVATE FIRM. Agreement in principle on the transfer of the Malta naval dockyard to Messrs. C. H. Bailey, a South Wales commercial ship-repairing firm, was reached early in August. Later in the month the executive of the Malta Labour Party decided to call for a boycott of Messrs. C. H. Bailey.



AMSTERDAM, THE NETHERLANDS. QUEEN JULIANA AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS (BEHIND) LEAVING THE AMSTERDAM SYNAGOGUE, THE OLDEST IN WESTERN EUROPE, AFTER THEIR VISIT TO IT ON SEPTEMBER 26.



THE ALPS, ITALY. ITALIAN WORKMEN ON THE BEGINNING OF A NEW PROJECT: THE CUTTING OF A TUNNEL FOR MOTOR TRAFFIC UNDER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD PASS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A CEMENT-MIXING TOWER, ON THE ITALIAN SIDE OF THE ALPS.



SOUTHERN RHODESIA. THE NEW PEARL ASSURANCE BUILDING AT SALISBURY, BUILT BY JOHN HOWARD AND CO. AT A COST OF £500,000. AT 215 FT. IT IS THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE FEDERATION.



NEW YORK, U.S.A. MR. SELWYN LLOYD, THE BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, ADDRESSING THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN A MAJOR POLICY ADDRESS ON SEPTEMBER 25. In his speech to the United Nations General Assembly on September 25, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd made several important points: He indicated that he expected the Far East crisis would soon be brought into the scope of U.N. He said that the U.K. Cyprus plan was not necessarily final; and he noted that the Arab states had not fulfilled their pledge of *ad e'tente*.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. DR. FADHIL JAMALI (IN DOCK, RIGHT), A FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ, DURING HIS TRIAL BEFORE A SPECIAL MILITARY COURT FOR TREASON. The trial of Dr. Jamali concluded on September 25, but at the date of writing the verdict had not been given. His counsel pleaded that it was legally impossible to convict Dr. Jamali because the prosecution had failed to establish criminal intention. Only history could decide whether his policies had been right or wrong.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)
LEBANON. IN THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN BEIRUT: GEN. CHEHAB (CENTRE, STANDING) SPEAKING AFTER BEING SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT. General Fuad Chehab was sworn in as President of Lebanon in succession to Mr. Chamoun on September 23. After the ceremony in the Parliament building General Chehab delivered an inaugural speech in which he said that he hoped for improvement in the country's economy, which had been badly damaged by the internal strife of the last few months. He hoped for a situation in Lebanon which would facilitate the withdrawal of foreign troops from her soil, and said better relations with Lebanon's sister Arab countries should be sought after. The Parliament building was heavily guarded for the swearing in.



U.S.A. NOW NEARING COMPLETION IN WASHINGTON, D.C.: THE NATIONAL SHRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The first service to be held in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, in Washington, D.C., is expected to take place in the autumn of next year. This large new church houses a cafeteria, offices, a souvenir room and a Memorial Hall.



JORDAN. IN AMMAN: KING HUSSEIN (LEFT, CENTRE) ATTENDING A GRADUATION CEREMONY RECENTLY. ON HIS LEFT IS MR. RIFAI, THE PRIME MINISTER.

King Hussein recently attended a graduation ceremony in Amman. He was accompanied by the Prime Minister, Mr. Rifai. A recent report from Jordan states that the King is loyally supported by many of the population, in spite of Egyptian broadcasts to the contrary.



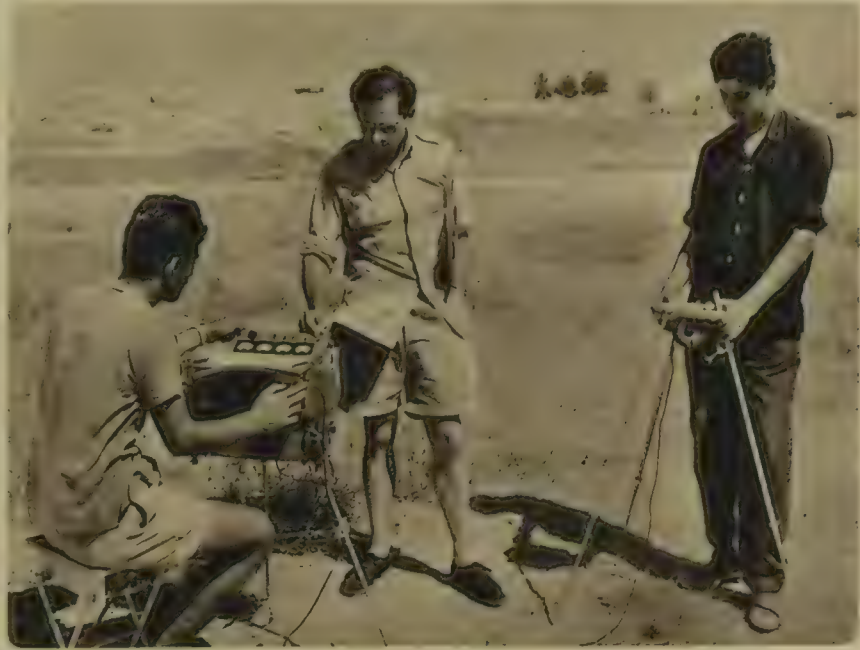
KARACHI, PAKISTAN. OVERCOME BY TEAR-GAS USED BY POLICE TO DISPERSE A CROWD ON SEPTEMBER 23: MR. YOUSUF HAROON AND ANOTHER MUSLIM LEAGUE LEADER.

A crowd of thousands, formed despite a Government ban on assemblies of more than five persons, gathered to welcome to Karachi the Muslim League President, Khan Abdul Qayum Khan. Police used tear-gas to disperse the crowd, and some were overcome.



SIKKIM. DURING HIS JOURNEY TO BHUTAN: MR. NEHRU INAUGURATING THE NEW GANGTOK-NATHU LA HIGHWAY AT GANGTOK.

On September 17 Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, inaugurated the new highway between Gangtok, capital of the Indian Protectorate of Sikkim, and Nathu La, on the border with Tibet. He later visited the State of Bhutan, to the north-east of India.



ENKOMI, CYPRUS. THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S NEWEST TOOL: THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER AT WORK AT ENKOMI-ALASIA. CENTRE, DR. J. M. AITKEN, OF OXFORD.

Elsewhere in this issue, Dr. Aitken describes the principle and practice of this ingenious apparatus, which measures infinitesimal variations in the earth's magnetism, so revealing buried features. Enkomi, 4000 years ago, was Alasia, capital of Cyprus.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



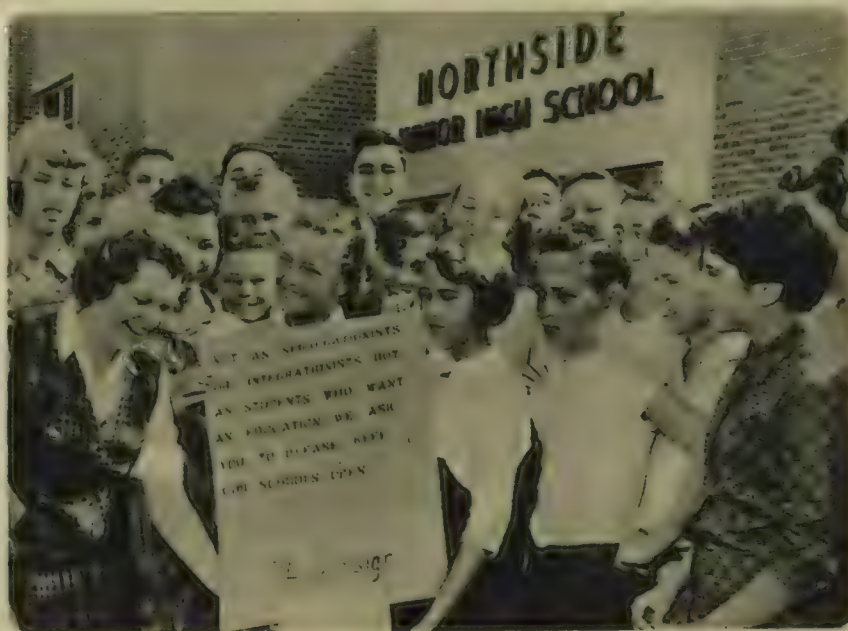
DEMONSTRATING IN FAVOUR OF GOVERNOR FAUBUS' STAND AGAINST INTEGRATION: A PARADE OF ABOUT 200 STUDENTS IN FORTY CARS PASSING THE CAPITOL BUILDING IN LITTLE ROCK.



LESSONS ON TELEVISION: TWO TEACHERS REHEARSING FOR THE FIRST OF LITTLE ROCK'S TELEVIEWED CLASSES, WHICH STARTED ON SEPTEMBER 22.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, U.S.

The four State high schools in Little Rock should have opened for the autumn term on September 15, and their continued closure because of Governor Faubus' stand against integration has caused considerable dismay among some of the white pupils eager to continue their education, and also among their parents. On September 27 there was to be a referendum on the question of integration, in which Governor Faubus was expected to get the support of the majority, despite the growing signs of opposition to his policy. In an effort to find a means of reopening the schools without having to obey the Supreme Court's anti-segregation order, a plan for turning the tax-supported State schools into private schools was being suggested and examined.



"STUDENTS WHO WANT AN EDUCATION": A HEARTFELT PLEA DURING A DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THEIR SCHOOL BY PUPILS OF NORTHSIDE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.



(Right.) R.A.F. AND CYPRUS C.I.D. PERSONNEL SEARCHING FOR BULLETS AFTER THE WOUNDING OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE OF THE U.S. VICE-CONSUL, MR. J. P. WENTWORTH.



ON "MURDER MILE": BRITISH TROOPS FIXING A SPECIAL TELEPHONE LINE IN NICOSIA'S LEDRA STREET, WHERE MANY TERRORIST INCIDENTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE, SO THAT A PATROL AT ONE END OF THE STREET CAN KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THAT AT THE OTHER END.

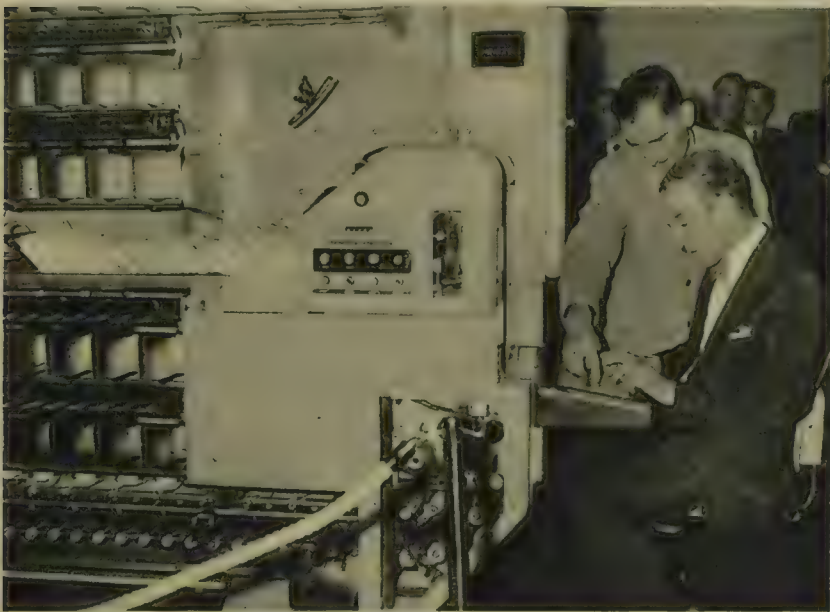


IN NICOSIA ON SEPTEMBER 22: SOME OF THE ELEVEN GREEK CYPRIOT WOMEN, FREED AS PART OF A MASS RELEASE OF 130 DETAINEES, BEING PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS.

CYPRUS. The state of tension in Cyprus has continued and has been underlined by further incidents, including the serious wounding by a gunman in a car of a U.S. Vice-Consul in Nicosia on September 18, and within the same hour of a British airman out for a walk with his wife and child. The curfew imposed after these shootings was lifted on September 22, the day on which a mass release of 130 detainees—100 Greeks and 30 Turks—was authorised in a further effort to ease the tension. Among the Greeks released were the eleven women remaining in detention. In a broadcast to the forces in Cyprus on Sept. 23 the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, said that the British plan for Cyprus would be carried through. He made no reference to the new proposals made by Archbishop Makarios in an interview with Mrs. Barbara Castle, Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party. The Archbishop's chief point was that "Cyprus should become an independent State which is linked neither to Turkey nor to Greece."



LOOKING TOWARDS THE FUTURE: LORD ATTLEE, THE LAST SOCIALIST PRIME MINISTER, EXAMINING A MODEL OF AN ATOMIC PILE REACTOR AT OLYMPIA. The Industrial Fuel Efficiency Exhibition was opened with a ceremonial luncheon on September 24 at Olympia, and was to continue open until October 3. Its purpose may well be claimed to be basic to all industrial development.



MECHANISATION IN THE POST OFFICE: MR. ERNEST MARPLES, THE P.M.G., TRIES HIS HAND WITH "ELSIE," A NEW ELECTRONIC LETTER-SORTING APPARATUS. An exhibition, combined with a television show, was staged at Mount Pleasant, London, by the Postmaster-General on Sept. 24 to demonstrate stages in postal mechanisation. "Elsie" stands for "electronic sorting and indicating equipment."



THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY OF CHI-CHI, THE LONDON ZOO'S NEW GIANT PANDA. CHI-CHI SITS UNCONCERNEDLY ENJOYING BAMBOO SHOOTS. This photograph shows Mr. Heini Demmer (left) completing his agreement to sell the Giant Panda to the London Zoo with Dr. L. Harrison-Matthews, Scientific Director of the London Zoo, and (centre) General C. J. G. Dalton, Controller of the London Zoo.

FROM CHI-CHI TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: A MISCELLANY OF HOME NEWS.



LOOKING ON THE PAST: MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, THE PRESENT LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY, VISITING IDLE COTTON MILLS IN NELSON DURING HIS LANCASHIRE TOUR. On September 19 Mr. Gaitskell began a visit to Lancashire primarily to study the present grave conditions in the cotton industry. On September 21, in the Scotland Division of Liverpool, he was booed by working-class crowds and shouted down with cries of "We want Macmillan."



A 900-YEAR-OLD TREATY COMMEMORATED: THE INVICTA STONE UNVEILED BY LORD CORNWALLIS, LORD LIEUTENANT OF KENT, AT SWANSCOMBE ON SEPTEMBER 22. This Invicta Stone, carved by Mr. Hilary Stratton and designed by Mr. Sidney Loweth, has been erected by the Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men, near the spot where the Men of Kent made an honourable treaty with William the Conqueror.



AN INJURED BUT DIGNIFIED ALSATIAN: SON IS TAKEN BY STRETCHER TO HOSPITAL AFTER AN ACCIDENT IN WARWICKSHIRE WHICH KILLED SIX ARMY DOG HANDLERS. Son, an Army guard dog, came limping into camp with a broken leg and brought first indication of an accident on the night of September 23, in which six soldiers and four dogs died. The lorry they were in collided with a train at Kineton, Warwickshire. Son was taken to an Army veterinary depot in Melton Mowbray, Leics.

ARCHÆOLOGY WITHOUT DIGGING: OR HOW A BOTTLE OF WATER—AND 150 TRANSISTORS—CAN DETECT UNDERGROUND FEATURES. THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER.

By DR. M. J. AITKEN, of the Oxford University Research Laboratory for Archaeology and the History of Art.

This apparatus, which has already proved its worth on several sites in England, is being currently tested at Enkomi, in Cyprus (see page 557). Enkomi is the principal Bronze Age site in Cyprus and excavations there have been the subject of a number of articles in this paper, both before and after the war, by Dr. Claude F. A. Schaeffer.

WHETHER or not the Chinese discovered the magnetic compass is arguable, but the stern retribution promised by laws dating from A.D. 1000 to Baltic sailors who tampered with the compass indicates its early use in navigation. It is appropriate, therefore, that this same magnetism of the earth should now guide archaeologists to the vestiges of the past that lie so often unbeknown only a few feet beneath the turf. The false reading of the compass near a coast rich in lodestone was a nightmare to ancient mariners, but to the archaeologists of to-day the disturbance in the normal magnetism at the earth's surface occasioned by buried remains, will soon be like the clicking of a Geiger counter to uranium prospectors—they will be on the trail.

But there is far more to it than old bricks and old compasses for, because the disturbance is very slight, the recently developed technique of nuclear magnetic resonance has to be used for finding the trail. The detector used is simply a bottle of water encircled by an electrical coil (Fig. 1). The protons that form the nuclei of the hydrogen atoms contained in the water molecules gyrate at a speed which depends on the strength of the external magnetism in which the water is placed. Suppose these minute protons gyrate through 2000.0 revolutions each second over undisturbed ground. If now the bottle of water is placed over ground in which something magnetic is buried then the protons will go faster and for a slight disturbance this might be 2000.2 revolutions per second. Merely to detect the gyrations of the protons is a difficult task, let alone measure such minute differences in speed—particularly when there is the added handicap that the protons only gyrate for a few seconds at a time. Techniques more usually encountered in analogue computers and guided missiles are called in here and by using transistors (about 150 are needed) instead of conventional electronic valves the whole measuring apparatus has been compressed into the box shown in Fig. 2, which weighs only 23 lb. The electrical signal from the coil on the bottle is fed into this box by a light cable and the whole device—called a proton magnetometer—can if necessary be operated by one person.

One satisfying aspect of this new method is the adaptation of scientific techniques often associated with destruction to the peaceful purposes of archaeology. It is also a pleasure to record the co-operation of different experts that has led to the development of this instrument. The archaeological possibilities were suggested to me by Mr. J. C. Belshé, a Cambridge geophysicist, the basic design had been developed by Mr. G. S.

Waters and Mr. P. D. Francis, both of the Ministry of Supply, and the instrument itself was built jointly by the Littlemore Scientific Engineering Company and the staff of the Oxford Archaeological Research Laboratory, under the personal supervision of its director Dr. E. T. Hall. The first use of the proton magnetometer was made on the initiative of Mr. Graham Webster when he undertook the excavation of a two-mile stretch of the proposed new route of the Great North Road where it borders the remains of the Roman town of Durobrivæ. This survey, carried out by the staff of the Oxford laboratory in the biting winds of March 1958, was successful in finding a Romano-British kiln and half

occasion when an iron implement is associated with the remains, then the magnetism of this is very strong in itself—strong enough to be detected by a sensitive compass needle. But there was no metallic iron found in the Roman ditches at Dorchester which were originally cut into the gravel sub-strata and subsequently became filled with top-soil. It so happens, however, that the magnetic "susceptibility" of soil is higher than that of gravel—because of a higher (but still small) content of the same form of iron oxide—magnetite



FIG. 1. THE "EYE" OF THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER: A BOTTLE OF WATER—NO MORE, NO LESS AROUND WHICH ELECTRICAL COILS ARE WOUND. THE SPEED OF GYRATION OF THE PROTONS CONTAINED IN THE WATER IS EXACTLY DEPENDENT ON THE STRENGTH OF THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM WHERE THE BOTTLE IS SITUATED.



FIG. 2. THE "BRAIN" OF THE NEW PROTON MAGNETOMETER WHICH PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S MOST USEFUL TOOLS.

An electrical signal fed from the water-bottle (Fig. 1) is fed into transistor circuits which measure the speed of gyration of the protons in the water to an accuracy of 3 parts in 100,000, thereby determining the magnetic strength to the same precision. Magnetic measurements are made by placing the water-bottle (Figs. 8 & 9) at regular intervals—usually 5 ft. apart—over the area being investigated. A fall in the meter readings indicates an increase in the magnetic strength experienced by the protons. The readings shown resulted from the first important archaeological feature detected with this device—upon digging a test-hole at the point corresponding to the reading of 81 the upper rim of a Romano-British pottery kiln was found at a depth of 3 ft. 6 ins. The readings shown cover an area of 50 ft. by 50 ft.

a dozen rubbish pits which were exciting to the archaeologists because of the wealth of Roman pottery that they contained. Since then the instrument has been used to detect Roman ditches at Dorchester (Oxon), pits and ditches in an Iron Age camp near Banbury (Fig. 4), a Roman kiln in Savernake Forest (Fig. 3), and more Iron Age pits on Bredon Hill (Fig. 5), in Worcestershire. Prospecting has just been undertaken at a Bronze Age site in Cyprus.

Why should these archaeological features cause a magnetic disturbance? Of course, on the rare

weight, the magnetism of the clay is about a thousand times weaker than for a lump of iron.

One of the first "finds" made with the instrument was a dump of old iron bedsteads, and a whole day was spent on a site near Cardiff in discovering nothing more exciting than discarded tin cans of distinctly twentieth-century origin. Such false trails not only waste time but may mask the effect of genuine archaeological features. For the same reason it is not feasible to use the instrument within 20 ft. of a barbed-wire fence. The ground surface should be clear and fairly level as sharp [Continued opposite.

—which is responsible for the much stronger magnetism of lodestone. The resulting magnetic disturbance above the filled-in ditch was very weak and amounted to a change in magnetic strength of only 3 parts in 10,000. Nevertheless, because the proton magnetometer can detect changes one-tenth as small as this, it was possible to find the ditch. In the case of the filled-in pits on the Iron Age camp near Banbury the disturbance was very much stronger (Figs. 5-7) and this is attributed to an increase, resulting from chemical action due to the association of the soil-filling with human occupation, in the proportion of iron oxide in the magnetic state of magnetite.

The disturbance from a kiln is stronger still, and this is because after being heated to red heat the clay (again containing a small percentage of iron oxide) forming the walls of the kiln behaves as a weak permanent magnet when cool—even so, the disturbance only amounts to a change of 1 per cent. in the magnetic strength because, weight for

NUCLEAR MAGNETIC RESONANCE TO THE ARCHÆOLOGIST'S AID.



FIG. 3. FOUND BY THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER WITHIN 30 MINS. OF ARRIVAL ON THE SITE: A ROMANO-BRITISH KILN REVEALED IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.



FIG. 4. A PIT IN THE IRON AGE CAMP AT MADMARSTON, NEAR BANBURY. THE REVEALING READING IS THE RESULT OF HIGHER MAGNETIC SUSCEPTIBILITY IN THE FILLING.



FIG. 5. IN THE IRON AGE CAMP AT DANE'S CAMP, BREDON HILL (FIGS. 6 AND 7), WHERE THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER PROVIDED A COMPLETE MAP OF UNDERGROUND FEATURES.



FIG. 6. DANE'S CAMP, BREDON HILL, FROM THE AIR. ON THIS SITE, CURRENTLY EXCAVATED BY MR. NICHOLAS THOMAS, THE MAGNETOMETER WAS GIVEN AN EXTENDED TRIAL.

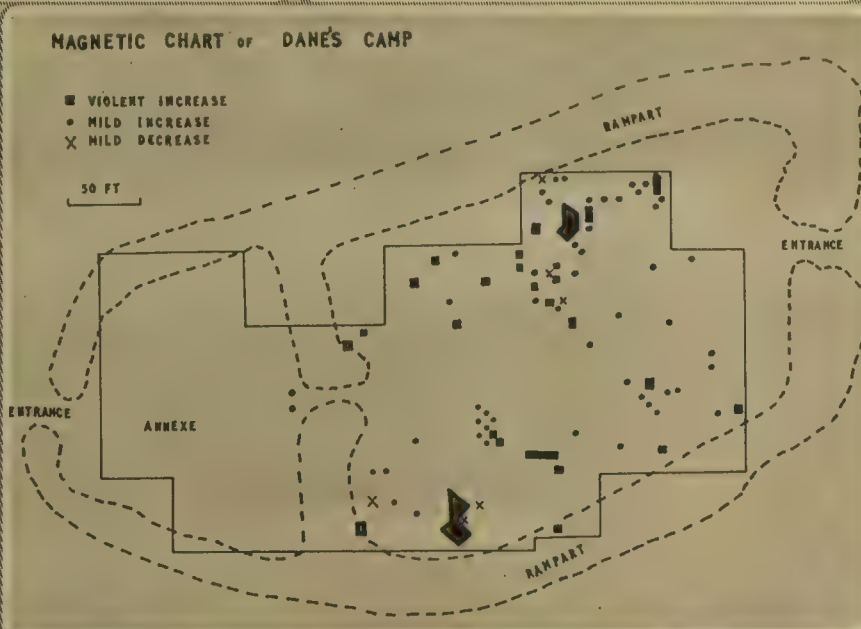


FIG. 7. DANE'S CAMP (FIG. 6) UNDER THE MAGNETOMETER'S SCRUTINY. 3500 MEASUREMENTS RESULTED IN THIS MAP OF OTHERWISE UNKNOWN FEATURES.



FIG. 8. THE USUAL METHOD OF USING THE PROTON MAGNETOMETER. THE BOTTLE OR "EYE" IS SUSPENDED IN A TRIPOD OVER A 5-FT. GRID AND READINGS ARE TAKEN ON THE "BRAIN."



FIG. 9. THE LIGHTNESS AND PORTABILITY OF THE APPARATUS, WHICH CAN BE USED BY A SINGLE OPERATOR, ARE CLEARLY SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH. NO PROBES ARE NEEDED.

Continued.] bumps and dips produce magnetic disturbances irrespective of whether there is anything unusual buried there. The depth to which the magnetometer can "see" depends on the size and magnetism of the buried feature—most of the finds so far have been within 3 or 4 ft. of the surface. One great virtue of the proton magnetometer over the resistivity method (see *The Illustrated London News*, June 1, 1957) is that no probes have to be inserted into the ground and consequently the speed of operation is much greater—measurements can be made at the rate of 6 per minute. It is this rapid speed of ground coverage that will make the method of such inestimable value to the archæologist, faced, as he so often is, with the laborious business of digging trial trenches before he can find the material on which to operate his paint-brush and trowel.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

"THE JOCKEY CLUB." By ROGER MORTIMER.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THERE are two forms of sport which have their votaries among all classes of the English population—namely, racing and cricket. Others may make a greater appeal to this or that section of the community, as lawn tennis does to women, but these two arouse the same interest among dukes as they do among dustmen; indeed, if one found a duke in earnest converse with a dustman the odds are that they would be talking about racing or cricket. In consequence, the two bodies which control them, the Jockey Club and the M.C.C., are always "news," and it is well that we should know something of their history, constitution and powers; such knowledge so far as the Jockey Club is concerned is admirably purveyed by Mr. Roger Mortimer in this book.

Throughout his narrative the author treats his subject with qualified raptures, and he is too familiar with the Turf to be under any illusions regarding it. Of the origin of the Jockey Club he frankly states:

There is not a shred of evidence to suggest that the Club was founded with any high-minded notion of governing or of reforming the Turf. The character and habits of many of the Club's early members make such a suggestion ridiculous and in any case the noblemen and gentlemen of that robust age were not, as a class, noticeably imbued with reformative zeal. Self-confident and self-content, they combined an off-hand scepticism over religion with moral standards of peculiar laxity.

They were, in fact, typical members of the Whig oligarchy of the eighteenth century, and so the Jockey Club had its origin in a period that, in England, was sordid, coarse and cruel in the extreme, for by then the romance of the sixteenth century and the moral earnestness of the seventeenth had both been lost. As Mr. Mortimer is at pains to point out, many of the more undesirable characteristics of that age have always marked the underworld of racing, and the Jockey Club itself has not invariably been immune. It is still oligarchical in its outlook and constitution, though whether it would be improved, as the author suggests, if it contained more politicians among its members is disputable, for it would be to-day so easy, as it would be fatal, to bring party politics into sport.

Very few of the Club's leading members have been anything in the nature of high-minded idealists, and yet the evidence of these pages goes to show that the Club has done a great deal during the last two centuries to raise the standard of the sport which it controls. Much of this has been due to three men—Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord George Bentinck and Admiral Rous, whose careers and peculiarities are described with a wealth of illuminating detail: indeed, critical as he shows himself on occasion the author is finally forced to admit:

Criticism of the Jockey Club as an institution is not, however, of sufficient proportion or influence to place the authority and status of the Club in serious jeopardy. All who are engaged professionally in the sport, and in fact all who pass through the gates of a racecourse, continue to submit themselves in greater or lesser degree to its authority with only an occasional feeling of resentment.

Quite naturally and properly, Mr. Mortimer from time to time uses the Jockey Club as a peg

upon which to hang his own opinions, and one of these is the problem of two-year-old racing. He is quite ready to admit that in moderation there is much to be said in its favour, but, he continues, "few would deny that the vast amount of two-year-old racing in this country, with the consequent emphasis on sheer speed and on early maturing stock, is one of the primary causes of the comparative weakness of British bloodstock to-day." With these views it is not surprising that the author should be highly critical of the Jockey Club for allowing the situation, as he sees it, to get out of hand. In these circumstances it will not astonish the reader to be told that Mr. Mortimer considers that the racing of yearlings should be condemned upon every count, and he refers to it as a "regrettable type of event."

There will, on the other hand, be general support for him among racegoers in his satisfaction at the disappearance of the old suburban meetings, and their replacement by the great "park" meetings—that is to say, Sandown Park, Kempton

Some very eccentric characters flit across his pages. One was the fifth Earl of Glasgow—"a wiry, wizened, tough-looking little fellow, perpetually scratching the back of his neck"—who at Doncaster set fire to the bed-clothes of a club steward who had gone to bed without bringing a drink he had ordered. All the same, the noble earl seems to have had some redeeming features,

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. ROGER MORTIMER. Mr. Roger Mortimer has been Racing Correspondent of *The Sunday Times* since 1947. Educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, he served for seventeen years in the Coldstream Guards, including the 1939-45 war, during which he spent five years in a prisoner-of-war camp, where he passed the time studying racing. Mr. Mortimer is forty-nine years old and lives at Yateley, in Hampshire.

which is more than can be said for Lord Barrymore, who offered to eat a live cat for a bet, or the Marquess of Hastings, who was so drunk the night before he won the Cesarewitch that he could not remember the next day the bets which he had made, while those with whom he had betted were certainly in no mood to refresh his memory. This particular nobleman died, completely ruined, at twenty-six, and, we are told, "was for years held up as a dreadful warning to young men who showed an inclination towards the Turf."

There is a particularly good story about one Sir John Lade:

Sir John was a little man and a light weight, and at Brighton in 1795 he made a bet that he would carry Lord Cholmondeley, a big, heavy man, twice round the Steyne. The story of the bet was circulated and a number of spectators, including some ladies, assembled to see the fun. Lord Cholmondeley was preparing to mount when Sir John ordered him to strip. "I betted I would carry you, not you and your clothes; your clothes are more than two pounds overweight. So make haste and strip, and do not keep the ladies waiting." Lord Cholmondeley's modesty was too much for him; he withdrew and paid-up.

For repartee, Lord Marcus Beresford, who managed the stable of King Edward VII, was not easily outdone, for when a rather "warm" owner told him that he had named a horse of his *False Tooth*, "Excellent," Lord Marcus replied, "that's one at any rate that you won't be able to stop." Those, too, who like a story of "Old Q," or who wish to know why the First Gentleman of Europe ceased to race at Newmarket, will find that in this volume Mr. Mortimer has fully catered for their wants.

Taken all in all, the Jockey Club is an essentially English institution; possibly it is an anachronism in the middle of the twentieth century, but it is an anachronism that works. Consequently in this present volume Mr. Mortimer has written a chapter of English social history which is instructive as well as amusing. A better Christmas present for the general reader, in the best sense of that much-abused term, as well as for the racing man, it would be impossible to imagine.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 580 of this issue.



THE SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS AT NEWMARKET IN 1825.



AT NEWMARKET, WHERE THE JOCKEY CLUB HAS HAD PREMISES SINCE 1752: THE FRONT OF THE JOCKEY CLUB ROOMS AND OFFICES.

Park, Hurst Park and Lingfield Park: they provide, in his opinion, places where the average Londoner and his wife can enjoy a day's racing in pleasant surroundings without fear of being molested or robbed as was the case before the Metropolitan Racecourse Act in 1879. With regard to Alexandra Park, he is nothing like so enthusiastic, and he would clearly not regret its disappearance, not least because the racing there "has always been of a much lower standard."

This book, however, has an appeal much wider than to the racing world, which is primarily concerned with the relations of Jockey Club and the Turf; it deals with the governing body of a form of sport which is to-day a national institution. For 200 years the Jockey Club has contained among its members some of the leading personalities in the kingdom, and it says much for Mr. Mortimer that very few of the stories he tells concerning them have ever appeared before in print.

* "The Jockey Club." By Roger Mortimer. Illustrated. (Cassell; 42s.)

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—IX. MALVERN COLLEGE.



AFTER MORNING SCHOOL : BOYS LEAVING THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS TO GO TO THEIR HOUSES FOR LUNCH. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE MALVERN HILLS.



IN A ROOM THAT WAS USED FOR RADAR RESEARCH DURING THE WAR, WHEN THE COLLEGE LEFT MALVERN : THE CLASSICAL SIXTH FORM AT WORK.



A CHEERFUL SCENE DURING THE LUNCH-HOUR: A CORNER OF ONE OF THE HOUSE DINING-HALLS AT MALVERN.

Malvern College, situated near the Malvern Hills and commanding a magnificent view towards the distant Cotswolds, opened in January 1865 with 24 pupils. The College was founded by a number of prominent residents of Malvern and of Worcestershire at a time when several other new public schools were also being founded. The site for the school was obtained in 1863 and the following year the design of the College Building was entrusted



IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL : A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR DURING MORNING PRAYERS.



BOYS READING IN THE MEMORIAL LIBRARY, WHICH WAS BUILT FOLLOWING THE FIRST WORLD WAR.

to Mr. C. Hanson. The first Headmaster was the Rev. Arthur Faber, a Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, and by the time of his resignation in 1880 the school had won a place of distinction among British public schools and the numbers had risen to nearly 300. Since then, the school buildings and the amenities for games have been added to and improved, and the College now numbers nearly 600 boys.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

FROM MORRIS DANCING TO THE LINK TRAINER AT A WELL-KNOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL: VARIED SCENES AT MALVERN COLLEGE.



THE HEADMASTER, MR. D. D. LINDSAY, WITH THE TWO SENIOR PREFECTS, M. J. THEOBALD (LEFT) AND R. T. COLLET.



AT THE END OF THE DAY: SOME OF THE SENIOR BOYS GETTING READY TO GO TO BED IN ONE OF THE HOUSE DORMITORIES. THERE ARE TEN BOARDING HOUSES AT MALVERN. THE SCHOOL OPENED WITH TWO.



SPECTATORS AT A CRICKET MATCH: A PLEASANT SCENE ON THE CRICKET FIELD. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE SOME OF THE SCHOOL HOUSES.



A NEWLY-INTRODUCED ARTISTIC ACTIVITY WHICH HAS PROVED VERY POPULAR: SCULPTURE A CLASS AT WORK, ATTENDED BY THE HEADMASTER'S WIFE (LEFT).

The first Headmaster of Malvern, who raised the new College to a place of importance among British schools, was succeeded by the Rev. C. T. Crutwell, who, in turn, was followed by the Rev. W. Grundy. At the time of the latter's death in 1891, Malvern was flourishing, and in memory of his



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA: THE SCENE DURING A REHEARSAL. THE COLLEGE ALSO HAS A CHAPEL CHOIR AND A CHORAL SOCIETY.



"THE DEATH SLIDE": A MEMBER OF THE NAVAL SECTION OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE PRACTISING A CLIFF DESCENT OPERATION.

Headmastership the Grundy Library, recently rehoused and much enlarged, was formed. He was succeeded by the Rev. A. St. J. Gray, under whom the number of boys in the school first reached 400. It was also during his Headmastership that the building of the Chapel, designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield,

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



LAST-MINUTE STUDY AND FAGGING: SOME OF THE JUNIOR BOYS DOING SOME HASTY REVISION WHILE ONE OF THEM CLEANS A SENIOR BOY'S BOOTS.



MUSIC OF A DIFFERENT KIND: DRUMMERS AND BUGLERS OF THE COLLEGE COMBINED CADET FORCE PRACTISING IN THE ARMOURY.



JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE, WATCHED BY AN INSTRUCTOR, LEARNING TO WALK ALONG A ROPE BRIDGE.

was begun. The organ for the Chapel was presented by the Malvernian Society, which has always been a most generous benefactor of the College. A few years after the dedication it became necessary to enlarge the Chapel, and this was carried out by Mr. C. J. Blomfield, whose father, Sir Arthur,



TIME TO READ A NEWSPAPER AND DRINK A CUP OF COCOA: AN EVENING SCENE IN ONE OF THE HOUSE STUDIES.



THE SCHOOL MORRIS DANCING TEAM, WHO WERE INVITED THIS YEAR TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION IN NORWAY. THE COLLEGE IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



LEARNING TO FLY: BOYS IN THE R.A.F. SECTION OF THE COMBINED CADET FORCE USING THE SCHOOL'S LINK TRAINER.

had recently died. The fifth Headmaster was the Rev. S. R. James, under whom great progress was made, including the addition of many school buildings. It was his vigour and strong personality which brought stability to the College and ensured its successful continuance.



PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY: MEMBERS OF THE LOWER SCHOOL CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES.



A GEOLOGY LESSON: A CLASS EXAMINING GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS COLLECTED ON THE MALVERN HILLS.



AT THE END OF A LESSON: BOYS LEAVING THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK, CENTRE. THE OLDER SCIENCE BUILDING CAN BE SEEN TO THE LEFT.



BIOLOGY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING DOG-FISH BEING DISSECTED IN THE LABORATORY.



THE RADIO-ACTIVE PILE, SUPPLIED BY HARWELL, AT THE COLLEGE. MALVERN IS THE FIRST SCHOOL TO HAVE ITS OWN RADIO-ACTIVE PILE.



TWO SENIOR BOYS DOING AN EXPERIMENT WITH RADIO-ACTIVE SUBSTANCES IN ONE OF THE LABORATORIES.

Following the First World War, a programme of modernisation and expansion was carried out at Malvern, under the Headmastership of Mr. F. S. Preston. The Memorial in the school quadrangle was erected, and the Memorial Library was added to the school buildings. Under the modernisation scheme more attention was given to the teaching of science and modern languages. In 1937, the Preston Science School was opened. To this has now been added a new extension, built with the aid of the Industrial Fund. The up-to-date

science equipment includes a radio-active pile, which was supplied by Harwell and is the first to be installed in a school. During the Second World War, the College twice suffered the misfortune of having to leave Malvern. Within days of the invasion of Poland, the buildings were requisitioned and the College then spent nine months at Blenheim Palace. Later, the buildings were again taken over—for radar research—and for more than four years Malvern was given a temporary home at Harrow School.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



DURING the last few weeks we have been enjoying a very pleasant and apparently little-known member of the Brassica or cabbage family. It is a form of, or

cousin of, the familiar cauliflower-broccoli complex, a form with a very definite difference. This vegetable is called calabrese. It was raised and grown here this year exactly as the ordinary cauliflower is grown, but instead of having a white flower-head—curd is, I believe, the correct term—it is a rich, deep and really quite handsome green, which in itself makes a welcome change. Boiled, and served with a white sauce in the conventional way, it is, up to a point, cauliflower over again. But it can be fairly claimed for calabrese that it is less cabbagy in smell and flavour than cauliflower, and that alone is strongly in its flavour.

Calabrese is a plant which should be grown on the best soil that can be found for it, and, on top of that, it responds to rich and heavy manuring, for quite apart from the actual flowers, or, more correctly, the clusters and nubbles of flower-buds, the thick, fleshy central stem and its fat subsidiary branchlets are a real delicacy. In fact, the stem is more delicious and delicate than the actual flower-head.

The plant forms a central flower-head, which in my garden is little larger than a man's fist. But apart from that, a great many subsidiary flower-heads, roughly the size of hazel nuts and small walnuts, surround the main central head, and are carried on finger-thick stems about 9 ins. to a foot long. These may be cut, and cooked as lightly as one dare, and served like asparagus, with melted butter. I sometimes wonder why we bother to eat the actual flower-heads of cauliflower, broccoli and calabrese, when the crisp, tender stems which carry them are so much more pleasant. Why not cut the curd or flower-heads away, and cook and eat the delicious stems alone? Probably it is mere convention, and the fact that the vegetable is called cauliflower that gives a popular impression that the flower is the important part, rather than the stem. It is the excellence of the central and the lesser side stems that make heavy manuring so important in the cultivation of calabrese.

In gathering calabrese it is important to take only stems which are really crisp and without fibre, and to ensure this the safest way is to snap them rather than cut with a knife. If the stems are as they should be, they will snap clean through, and it is only in that clean, snappable state that they are fit for the table. It may be found that some stems will only snap clean for part, perhaps half, of their length. In any case, clean snapping is the only safe test.

CALABRESE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Apart from its virtues as a straight vegetable, calabrese can be delicious in soup. I was recently given a rich and creamy-white soup in which swam a nice quantity of smallish—not too small—fragments of deep-green calabrese, which, happily, had been just so cooked that it retained a pleasant nuttiness.

Scarlet - runner beans appear to have thoroughly appreciated this terribly wet summer,

and never before have I seen such monster pods which yet remained entirely stringless. I have "a thing" about scarlet-runners. For the conventional British way with them I have no use whatsoever. The usual way in restaurants and the average household is to "string" them, shred them, boil them, pour the water with all the flavour and the goodness down the sink, and



then serve the flabby residue. I know few vegetables so dreary and even revolting as runners maltreated in this way. In case you have never met or tried 'scarlet - runners prepared in what might be called the sane method, let me explain.

In the first place, the pods should not require stringing. They should be gathered before they have developed any trace of string. If, in gathering, you have the slightest doubt on this point, you should snap them in half. If the two halves hang together by strings, you may know that they are not fit for human consumption, and should be conducted firmly to the compost-heap, and there, the stringier they are, the more they will be appreciated. It takes very little experience to tell, without falling back on the snap test, whether a bean is a bean—or a has-been. These stringless pods should be cooked whole, plain boiled, and never over-cooked. They should be crisp and nutty and on no account soggy, and having cooked them whole, or at most snap-tested, they require nothing but pepper and salt to taste, and melted butter to the point of extravagance. Only thus can the proper texture and full flavour be enjoyed.

This snapping of runners in half reminds me of a legend I heard of a cottager in a village—south of the Tweed—who sold produce from his allotment garden. In weighing out a pound of scarlet - runner beans for a customer he snapped one last pod in half and so was able to make the pound exactly right.

To stick strictly to a supply of runners which may be used whole, and without fear of stringiness, is easier than it might seem. The usual practice is to sow a row right across the whole width of the garden plot, regardless of how many folk are to be catered for, with the result that there is often an unmanageable glut, and the owners are condemned to overgrown stringy beans throughout the entire season. The ideal thing is, of course, a slight shortage all the time, so that only young stringless beans are available. It is a sad state of things that folk who employ a paid gardener and a paid cook find it practically impossible to enjoy youngish, stringless scarlet - runner beans cooked whole and served with melted butter. By melted butter, I mean butter which has been just plain melted—not the concoction to which the cook-books give that title.



"A VERY PLEASANT AND APPARENTLY LITTLE-KNOWN MEMBER OF THE BRASSICA OR CABBAGE FAMILY": CALABRESE, IN WHICH THE FLOWER-HEADS ARE "A RICH, DEEP AND REALLY QUITE HANDSOME GREEN." (Photograph copyright, Sutton and Sons Ltd.)

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H.M.S. DIAMOND ROCK, OFF MARTINIQUE: THIS CENTURY'S FIRST FORMAL



THE WEST FACE OF H.M.S. DIAMOND ROCK, OFF MARTINIQUE : THE CLIFF RISES SHEER FROM THE OCEAN TO A HEIGHT OF 200 FT.

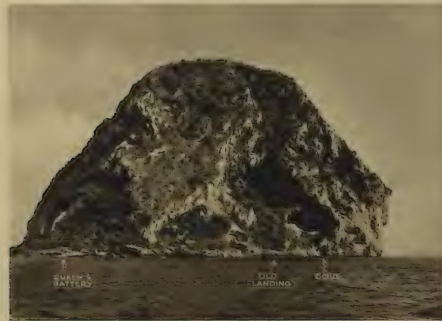


THE EAST SIDE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. THE TWO LARGE CAVES, OR ROCK SCALLOPS, SEEN LEFT OF CENTRE, CONTAINED THE HOSPITAL AND WAREHOUSE



A SKETCH OF H.M.S. DIAMOND ROCK MADE BY A MEMBER OF THE RECENT EXPEDITION. IT SHOWS DEFENSIVE POSITIONS TAKEN UP IN 1804.

usually had to swing in close to Diamond Rock during the Napoleonic Wars. Often they actually sailed between Martinique, which was their principal West Indian base, and Diamond Rock. Despite this, the French thought Diamond Rock unsalable and valueless. It was, they pointed out, within easy range of shore batteries which could be erected in Martinique. But the British Commodore, Samuel Hood, later Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, thought otherwise. He determined in the autumn (Continued below, left)

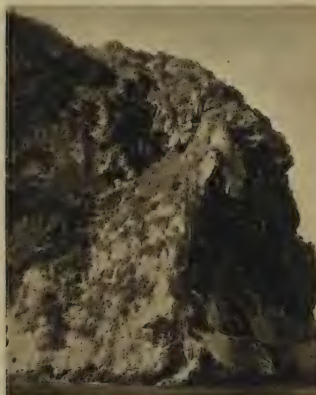


THE NORTH FACE OF DIAMOND ROCK. THIS YEAR'S EXPEDITION CAME ASHORE AT THE COVE. EXTREME RIGHT. ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS QUEEN'S BATTERY.

Continued. of 1803 that the Rock should be scaled and, on January 6, 1804, sent ashore carpenters, blacksmiths, riggers and masons. He appointed as his local commander Lieutenant J. W. Maurice, who had been second officer aboard his flagship, and the Rock was successfully occupied. Two 24-pounders were dragged ashore on January 15, and in mid-February two 18-pounders were hoisted to the top of the Rock. Until the end of May, 1805, the Rock was occupied by between 100 and 175 naval and marine

SIR FREDERICK HERVEY-BATHURST, BART., a former captain in the Grenadier Guards and a keen sailor, and Mr. Jac Wellen, an American sportsman and keen fisherman, have been successful in their thorough exploration of the H.M.S. Diamond Rock, off Martinique, in the West Indies. According to their West Indian Mail, the party were the first white people to scale Diamond Rock since the 1880's. The Rock is located 925 yards south of the tip of the island of Martinique, and is 100 yards from the harbour at Fort Royal. It comprises about twelve acres and rises to a height of 574 ft. above mean tide. The cliffs nearly everywhere are almost sheer and considerably over the Atlantic. In many places there is a depth of more than 250 ft. of water within 100 ft. of the shore. Because of the trade winds blowing from the north-west, it is not possible to make harbour at Fort Royal

to make harbour at Fort Royal
ars. Often they actually sailed
Diamond Rock. Despite this,
they pointed out, within easy
the British Commodore, Samuel
in the autumn [Continued below, left.]



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE ROCK. THE RECENT EXPEDITION TRIED TO CLIMB IN (CENTRE) BUT ONLY MADE 30 FT. OF PROGRESS UP.



A FORMIDABLE VIEW WHICH SHOWS WHY THE FRENCH THOUGHT DIAMOND ROCK TO BE UNSCALABLE. THIS CONTOUR OF THE ROCK BELONGS TO THE SOUTH SIDE

personnel. Recreational facilities were set up for other men granted shore leave, and the regular personnel were kept busy with their forges, the erection of a hospital, the building of a water tank and the construction of fairly large temporary barracks. There were other activities, and on one occasion the Diamond Rock garrison actually captured a battery which the French were building in adjacent Martinique. But, far more important than these secondary activities, the British occupation of Diamond Rock, [Continued above, right]

EXPLORATION OF A BRITISH BASE FAMOUS IN THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.



THE RUINS OF THE HOSPITAL, CONSTRUCTED BY THE BRITISH IN 1804. THE HEAVY WALL (RIGHT) PROTECTED FOUR 9-POUNDER GUNS FROM ENEMY FIRE



MR. JAC WELLER WHO, WITH SIR FREDERICK HERVEY-BATHURST, LED THIS YEAR'S EXPEDITION, OVERLOOKING MARTINIQUE FROM THE RUINS OF QUEEN'S BATTERY

Continued) which lasted eighteen months, turned out, as Commodore Hood had hoped, to be of vital strategic significance to the British. An observer on top of the Rock would see any approaching sailing vessel before it came within 40 miles, and the vessel then sent to the British signal station on Pigeon Island, 19 miles away, and a British vessel of appropriate size was sent out to intercept any approaching French vessel. Sometimes, too, the guns on top of the Rock could sink a vessel wide, so that it could only reach Fort Royal, if at all, by laborious tacking into the wind. Whereas previously French ships had been able to approach Martinique from the east under a full press of sail, the arrival of Fort Royal was almost complete. During the eighteen *[Continued below]*

(Right.)
THE MASONRY WALL (FORE-
GROUND) IS PART OF QUEEN'S
BATTERY. ABOVE THE BUSH-
TREES CAN BE SEEN PORT-
LAND PLACE AND THE ROCK'S
FIRST FORTIFIED CAVE.



AGAINST A FORBIDDING BACKGROUND, MR. JAC WELLER STANDS IN WHAT THE BRITISH SOLDIERS CALLED PORTLAND PLACE. LITTLE OF THE MASONRY REMAINS.

Continued. months of British occupation of the Rock, almost every larger French ship trying to enter Fort Royal Bay was captured. In May of 1805 the French Admiral Villeneuve arrived in the West Indies, bringing with him a temporary naval superiority. He sent an overwhelming force of ships-of-the-line, frigates and gunboats to the Rock, which the French finally took at a cost in casualties of more than five times the total number of the British garrison. For their expedition this summer, Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst and Mr. Jac-



SIR FREDERICK HERVEY-BATHURST WITH A FIRST WORLD WAR SHELL
FIRED AT THE ROCK UNDER UNEXPLAINED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Weller hired the *Mollhawk*, a staunch 70-ft. sailing schooner with an auxiliary motor, at English Harbour, in Antigua, and sailed south to Saint Lucia, the capital of which, Castries, became their supply base, as it had been for the British garrison 153 years previously. Their strangest find was a 6-in. shell fired at the Rock during the First World War. Fragments of similar shells indicated a big bombardment, but it is unrecorded. The three driving bands originally attached to the unexploded shell show that it was either French or German.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

BOTTLE LABELS.

that they were not at that time in general use. It goes on to remark that it was not legally obligatory to mark them at all until the Marking Silver Plate Act of 1790, but that in practice they frequently bear the maker's mark, with or without the lion passant. Dating, therefore, with anything like accuracy is difficult, depending upon what is known of the working life of the maker (and the registers at Goldsmiths' Hall are not quite

In short, before you are fully aware of what is happening to you, you find yourself not only studying the development of the decorative arts with these little objects of no account as your evidence, but enticed into examining all kinds of unconsidered social habits—when such and such a drink came into fashion and why, and who started a fad for a particular kind of cosmetic.

THE recent gift to the Ashmolean Museum of an important collection of Worcester porcelain accompanied by about 500 bottle labels reminded me that the Victoria and Albert Museum received a similar though larger gift of labels in 1944 by the will of the late P. J. Cropper. Though very properly dedicated to the Higher Thought and many abstruse branches of learning—are not we all?—this lovable institution knows how to relax upon occasion, and has published an informative booklet, nearly all illustrations, upon this apparently frivolous and niggling subject. Newcomers will be surprised at the wide variety of design, the curious names of the various drinks, and the extraordinary charm of the great majority of the labels. They appear to have come into fashion during the second quarter of the eighteenth century and to mark the great change in social customs which occurred about that time.

As long as it was the practice to bring on to the table the dark bottle in which wine was usually kept and which would be labelled—if labelled at all—by a slip of parchment or a wooden tag, there would be no point in a more elaborate indication of the contents. But as soon as decanters made their appearance and table appointments generally took on an air of refinement, some kind of label in keeping with this new look was an obvious development, and the silversmiths were not slow in supplying the demand. The earliest appear to date from the 1730's, and they were still being made, though rarely, at the end of the nineteenth century, and then mainly, if my memory is not faulty, not for the ordinary wine decanter but for those square cut-glass tantalus bottles which used to be sold in sets of three in a wooden cradle; at least that is my recollection, and I haven't seen one of them for many years. In addition to the silver labels, there were the few brief years in the 1750's when the Battersea enamel factory was functioning and produced some charming little labels after designs by Ravenet, and then the rather less imaginative enamels of the next thirty or forty years made probably at Bilston, in Staffordshire. Then there is an amusing group in bone and ivory, in mother-of-pearl, and a few rarities in porcelain and—not least—a few examples from India made from boars' tusks or tigers' claws or teeth and mounted in silver by native craftsmen.

But the great majority in the collection—more than 1600 pieces—are of silver, and it is extremely interesting to note how these very small objects religiously follow the changes of style which were imposed upon the minor arts as the years passed; indeed, one could very nearly deduce from these labels the whole range of Robert Adam's contribution to design, even if all his buildings and their contents had disappeared in some vast catastrophe, or guess at the ornate though still classic character of the ideals of about 1820. The Victoria and Albert booklet makes the interesting point that the Plate Offences Act of 1738 makes no mention of bottle labels in the list of small articles exempted from marking; negative evidence, but suggesting



FROM THE COLLECTION OF BOTTLE LABELS—OR TICKETS BEQUEATHED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY THE LATE P. J. CROPPER: (LEFT) TWO CUT-OUTS OF THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY—BASE METAL, SILVER-PLATED; (CENTRE) TWO EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY HERALDIC LABELS WITH THE CRESTS OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH (TOP) AND THE EARL OF WILTON; AND TWO STAFFORDSHIRE ENAMELS, PROBABLY MADE AT BILSTON IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



TWO "FANCIFUL" LABELS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (TOP)—THAT FOR MADEIRA BY PAUL STORR; AND TWO NINETEENTH-CENTURY "VINE LEAVES" LABELS. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THESE BOTTLE LABELS FROM THE CROPPER COLLECTION IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.

complete) and upon one's knowledge of the style of the design, and of the lettering in favour during each decade or so.

Apart from the names of wines, some of which are decidedly exotic—Collares, Methuen, Paxareta, Sercial and Yvorne are choice examples—there are also the names of various sauces and toilet-waters, for which bottle tickets were extensively used. What, pray, was Coratch, and what King of Oude, what Rondeletia, with its Ruritanian overtones?

from nearer our own day. Some purely utilitarian examples from just before and after 1800—mere oval or rectangular silver plaques with the names of the wines engraved upon them in by no means distinguished lettering—are frankly dull. A Paul Storr design of a four-leaf clover with Madeira pierced through the centre has quality, while a late nineteenth-century whimsy of a bat with outspread wings labelled Port has not. Altogether an intriguing little study of trivialities which throws much light upon style, manners and customs.

Robert Adam's classical urns and garlands seem to hold the field to the exclusion of pretty well everything else for the twenty years from about 1770 if one can form a snap judgment from this collection, and it would appear that the Bateman family of silversmiths rather made a speciality of these labels; anyway there are two or three by Hester Bateman of about 1780 and others by Peter and Anne, 1792, by Peter, Anne and William, 1823.

As to the styles it is not easy to summarise briefly their considerable variety. The booklet makes a gallant attempt by captioning each set of photographs: Elegance, Magnificence, Fanciful, Practical, and so forth, but all that is a trifle vague and I don't know that everyone would agree with these definitions. What is good fun is to look over the labels themselves and, from what one knows of the characteristics of each generation, to guess their approximate date. One can scarcely go wrong with the Adamish pieces, but I rather think some of the others will provide a puzzle. One might be tempted, for example, to put the quite pleasant shell-pattern labels to about 1780 when, in fact, they are all anything from thirty to fifty years later, while the vine leaves one might think may not be beyond the imagination of some enterprising silversmith of the 1750's whereas they actually date from 1825 to 1865.

The best people naturally indulged in their own personal labels with the name of the wine beneath their crests. These vary considerably in interest and can be rather dull; the best of them is by Robert Garrard, 1826, incorporating the crest of the Marquess of Bath in a nearly circular port label. A little group classified as Bacchanals includes one from Cork of about 1770 which shows a stylish design of bunches of grapes and an infant Bacchus offering a wine cup to a recumbent satyr—the rather clumsy lettering seems to be later. Three others from about 1800 to 1817 betray their period by a certain ponderous insensitivity and in one of them, labelled Cyprus (can this be Cyprus sherry?), the infant god looks remarkably like the Prince Regent. Another, all grapes and satyr masks and two drinkers, is incongruously lettered Rosewater. A few initials of the first half of the seventeenth century hanging from silver chains are graceful enough and so is a group of "cut-outs" of base metal, silver-plated,

FROM STUBBS TO MILLAIS: PAINTINGS IN TWO LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



"GREY CHARGER, THE PROPERTY OF LIEUT.-GEN. ARTHUR AYLMER, HELD BY A GROOM OUTSIDE A MANSION," BY JAMES LODER (1784-1860), OF BATH. (Oil on canvas: 32½ by 25 ins.)



"CATTLE BESIDE A STREAM," BY GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806)—A HITHERTO UNRECORDED MASTERPIECE WHICH IS IN MESSRS. ACKERMANN'S EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas: 78 by 50 ins.)



"A VIEW OF BATH, c. 1764," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788): IN LEGGATT BROTHERS' EXHIBITION "THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER." (Oil on canvas: 15½ by 21½ ins.) (H. L. Fison Collection.)



"THE GRAND CANAL AND THE RIALTO BRIDGE, VENICE": A PAINTING OF 1827 BY R. P. BONINGTON (1801-1828). (Oil on panel: 14 by 18 ins.) (The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Mackintosh of Halifax.)



"THE MINUET," BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A. (1829-1896): A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MILLAIS' DAUGHTER, EFFIE, PAINTED IN 1866. (Oil on canvas: 46½ by 34½ ins.) (Sir Richard Proby, Bt.)



"A SCENE IN HELMINGHAM PARK": AN EARLY PAINTING OF ABOUT 1804 BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837), WHO IS REPRESENTED BY SOME TWENTY WORKS IN MESSRS. LEGGATT'S EXHIBITION. (Oil on board: 23½ by 19½ ins.) (H. L. Fison Collection.)



"MASTER SIMPSON": A PORTRAIT OF ABOUT 1810 BY ARTHUR WILLIAM DEVIS (1763-1822). THIS WAS REPRODUCED AS A COLOUR PLATE IN OUR 1936 CHRISTMAS NUMBER. (Oil on canvas: 49 by 39½ ins.) (E. Fowles, Esq.)

Messrs. Arthur Ackermann's Exhibition of "Fine Sporting Paintings"—from which two works are shown at the top of this page—continues at 3, Old Bond Street, until October 24. The impressive large Stubbs is an extremely interesting work which has only recently come to light. It was in the collection of Major R. C. Hans Sloane Stanley, of Paultons, Hampshire, the home, since 1646, of the Stanleys and Sloane Stanleys who are descended from Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), whose bequest to the nation led to the formation

of the British Museum. The five remaining paintings on this page are all shown in the loan Exhibition at Leggatt Brothers, 30, St. James's Street. Entitled "The Eighteenth Century and After," and including some thirty works from the H. L. Fison Collection, this Exhibition, which also continues until October 24, is in aid of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Among the later paintings in this Exhibition is Frith's "English Merrymaking in the Olden Times," which will be reproduced in colour in our 1958 Christmas Number.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME people say that parrots are the most intelligent of all birds. As a topic for academic discussion the question of animal intelligence is fraught with hazards. I have heard at least one leading zoologist maintain that there is no such thing as intelligence outside the human species. Others would admit a glimmering of intelligence in the great apes, and perhaps some monkeys, but little else beyond these. To a large extent, such opinions have little importance since it is seldom that any two people can agree on the definition of intelligence.

Close acquaintance with a parrot does suggest that, even if it has no intelligence in the strict sense, it has something which most other birds do not have, or have in a markedly lesser degree. The fact that a parrot can talk, even if its conversation is a "parrot-like" repetition of words or phrases, and the fact that it can hold objects in its foot, using the foot as a hand, makes so much of its behaviour appear nearly human. Having enjoyed the close company for some months past of *Bassie*, a West African grey parrot, I have looked for some positive signs of superiority over other birds, and I think I have found two that may be significant.

Bassie, like others of her kind, is an accomplished mimic, of a wide range of human words, snatches of tune and mechanical sounds. There are many other birds capable of such mimicking, both among our native species and, more especially, among species from other parts of the world. In my garden are birds that mimic human words, snatches of tune and mechanical sounds. Some of these are wild, others are in aviaries, and as it is easier to study those in aviaries I propose to concentrate attention on them.

The star performer of the aviary birds is a jay, which has a repertoire of about fifty separate sounds. These include, in addition to the three kinds mentioned, the calls or songs of other birds. The jay will imitate the call of the brown owl, the song of the chaffinch, and other bird-songs. In the aviary adjoining that in which the jay lives are two crows. One makes only crow noises, the other, which spent its early days in a garden where a small girl was playing, seldom makes crow noises. It laughs, cries, chatters, screams, babbles, makes joyous sounds or dolorous sounds, in fact, gives a most realistic rendering of the vocal sounds accompanying the various moods of any small girl.

These two, the jay and the crow, are our most accomplished mimics, but there are others. There is a jackdaw which calls its own name, a rook which occasionally utters human words or crows like a cock, and another rook that will talk endlessly in a near-human speech, the individual words of which are unintelligible. There is a second jackdaw that mimics perfectly the calls of a crow, a magpie that can call its own name and whistle a tune, and a second magpie that can imitate hearty human laughter as well as say a few human words.

All these birds are living in close proximity and well within earshot of each other. They have been there for periods varying from one to three years. The jay has added continuously to its repertoire for three years, one rook, one jackdaw and one magpie have added a little, the rest have added nothing to the earliest of the sounds they

PARROTS' INTELLIGENCE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

mimicked. Together they represent a good sample of birds capable of mimicking sounds, other than native calls, and most of them perform every day, three of them performing more or less constantly all day. Yet never once have I heard any one of them repeat the mimicked calls of another. This is the more remarkable since three of them can mimic the innate calls; but, and I wish to emphasise this, none has mimicked the mimicking of any of its neighbours.



BASSIE IN THE ACT OF MAKING A POPPING SOUND, AND AT THE SAME TIME MOVING HER FOOT APPARENTLY IN IMITATION OF AN ACTION USED BY HER HUMAN TEACHER IN MAKING THE SAME SOUND.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

Here then is one feature in which *Bassie* is superior. Not only does her total repertoire exceed by far that of the most accomplished of the British birds, which may, of course, be due to her being in the house and in close contact with human beings, but she will also imitate the mimicked sounds of the other birds. This is the more remarkable when we remember that she is well away from them, and that these sounds do not reach her nearly so clearly as they do the other birds.

It would be possible to say a great deal more about her vocal accomplishments, on the manner in which she learns new sounds, on the way she appears to practise a new sound, or improvise when she fails to get a snatch of tune correctly. Such things are doubtless commonplace to those who know parrots well, and it may be that these same people can recount similar instances to the one I am about to set forth.

There is at least one thing in which my wife is superior to me. She can put her finger into her open mouth and, with a quick tug at the inside of the cheek, produce the sound of a cork popping. I have never been able to do this, and I envy her this accomplishment. At least, this deficiency enabled me to take an objective interest when she tried to teach *Bassie* to make this sound. My wife sat in front of the parrot and three times made the popping sound while *Bassie* watched attentively, after which she made a fair imitation of the sound. The lesson continued for a few minutes, and was repeated at odd intervals during the next week or so.

By now *Bassie* could make the sound of a pop to perfection, and frequently did so. For the next

few weeks it happened, infrequently, that my wife, when passing the parrot, would put her finger in her cheek and casually make the popping sound. *Bassie* seldom failed to respond with an imitation of it. Then I noticed that she was bringing her foot up to the side of her beak and moving it away again with a sharp movement as she made the popping sound. It was as nearly an imitation of my wife's finger-in-cheek action as any creature with only a beak and a clawed foot could be expected to achieve.

Parrots can do many things with their feet. They can hold food to the mouth while eating, hold a spoon to drink from it, pick up objects and throw them about, scratch the back of the head, and so on. The parrot's foot is highly versatile and in much the same ways as the human hand. It might, then, be pure coincidence that *Bassie* appeared to be trying to copy an action associated with a particular sound. Accordingly, I paid very close attention to what was happening. She does not invariably suit the action of the foot to the popping sound she makes, but she does so at least nine times out of ten. It is true also that she sometimes combines this action of the foot with other sounds she makes, but this amounts to only 1 per cent. or thereabouts.

On a statistical basis those figures are significant and unless I am wildly mistaken, this parrot at least is capable of learning actions, as well as sounds, by imitation. There are, indeed, other instances in which this ability to learn non-vocal actions by imitation can be suspected, but the example given here is the most clear-cut of them all.

It may be that such behaviour on the part of parrots is commonplace, and that in writing in this way I am exposing, to those who have wide experience of these birds, my ignorance of their full abilities. If so, then nothing more is needed to emphasise the point, that parrots are superior to most, if not all, other birds in this respect. Tests have shown that birds can solve simple



ONE OF BASSIE'S REGULAR HABITS: THE WEST AFRICAN GREY PARROT SCRATCHING THE BACK OF HER HEAD WITH ONE CLAW, AN ACTION WHICH HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH PREENING, BUT IS A TICKLING ACTION OF THE POLL—SUCH AS HUMANS USE WHEN GENTLING A PARROT.

problems. These same tests have shown that other birds cannot solve such problems by watching. They are unable to imitate any actions that are not inborn for their species. To that extent parrots seem to be superior as well as in their vocal mimicking, and, I would say, in their intelligence.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



A DEVOTED NURSE: THE LATE DAME LEILA PAGET.

Dame Leila Paget, G.B.E., widow of Sir Ralph Paget, first British Ambassador to Brazil, died on September 24. She will be best publicly remembered through her devoted labours as matron in Serbia during the First World War. She volunteered for this hazardous nursing job in 1914.



A FORTUNATE ESCAPE: MAJOR-GENERAL D. A. KENDREW.

On September 26 Major-General Kendrew, Director of Operations, Cyprus, narrowly escaped death when an electrically-detonated mine, planted by EOKA terrorists, exploded a few yards from his car. An escorting military vehicle was badly damaged, injuring three soldiers.



AN INTERVIEW WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS: MRS. BARBARA CASTLE. After her visit to Cyprus Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P., Vice-Chairman of the Labour Party, had an interview with Archbishop Makarios in Athens on September 21, in which he outlined the new proposals for Cyprus, before he had formally submitted them to the British Government. Reports of Mrs. Castle's comments on the behaviour of British troops in Cyprus have caused considerable controversy.



A GREAT MUSICAL COMEDY STAR DIES: MR. CARL BRISSON.

Mr. Carl Brisson died in Copenhagen aged sixty-two on September 26. In the early part of his career he was a champion boxer, his musical comedy fame dating from his performance in a revival of *The Merry Widow* in 1923. He later entertained frequently in London and the U.S.



A SPLENDID TENOR: THE LATE MR. ALFRED PICCAVER.

Mr. Alfred Piccaver, the English-born singer who was for many years principal tenor at the Vienna State Opera, died in Vienna on September 23 at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Lincolnshire but educated in New York and sang only once at Covent Garden.

(Right.) **A WELL-KNOWN JUDGE: THE LATE SIR G. RUSSELL VICK.** Sir Godfrey Russell Vick, Q.C., a beloved legal figure, died last Saturday at the age of 65. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1917, while on leave from the army. He took silk in 1935, became Recorder of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was appointed a county court judge in 1956. In 1948 he was elected chairman of the General Council of the Bar.



A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WITH MRS. ONASSIS, EMBARKING IN MR. ONASSIS' YACHT CHRISTINA. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill embarked in the yacht *Christina* on September 23 as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Aristotle Onassis during a ten-day cruise in the Mediterranean. The yacht sailed from Monte Carlo for the Balearic Islands later the same day. During the cruise the yacht called at Palma, Majorca, and, on September 28, at the Spanish port of Cartagena. Sir Winston was expected to end his cruise at Gibraltar.



(Left.) **NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: MR. JUSTICE WILLMER.** Mr. Justice Willmer, a Judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, was recently appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in place of the new Lord Chief Justice, Lord Parker. Mr. Justice Willmer, who is fifty-nine, was educated at Birkenhead School and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He became a Justice of the High Court in 1945.



(Left.) **A NOTED AMERICAN WRITER DIES: MRS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.**

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the well-known American writer of mystery stories and novels, died aged eighty-two on September 22. She first trained as a nurse and later married, beginning her writing career when illness interrupted her family life. Her first novel appeared in 1908, after she had become an established magazine writer.

(Right.) **LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR: ALDERMAN SIR HAROLD GILLET.** Sir Harold Gillett, who is 67 and an accountant, was last Monday elected to succeed Sir Denis Truscott as Lord Mayor of London. The year of his office begins on November 8. He was elected by Liverymen of the various Guilds meeting in Common Hall in Guildhall for the purpose. Sir Harold was Alderman of Bassishaw at his election.



AN ART EDUCATION APPOINTMENT: SIR WILLIAM COLDSTREAM.

Sir William Coldstream, who is Slade Professor of Fine Art at University College, London, has been appointed Chairman of the new National Advisory Council on Art Education set up by the Minister of Education. Sir William is a trustee of the National Gallery and of the Tate Gallery, and a member of the Arts Council.



THE NEW SHERIFFS OF LONDON: ALDERMAN RALPH PERRING (LEFT) AND MR. JOHN E. EVAN COOK PHOTOGRAPHED OUTSIDE THE GUILDHALL IN THE CITY OF LONDON. On September 27 Mr. Perring and Mr. Evan Cook were installed as sheriffs of the City of London. They are seen here after the Admission of Sheriffs ceremony, over which the Lord Mayor presided. According to ancient custom, the Guildhall was strewn with herbs.



A WHITE HOUSE RESIGNATION: MR. SHERMAN ADAMS.

Mr. Sherman Adams, who had been President Eisenhower's chief of staff at the White House for nearly six years, resigned on September 22, stating that his action was "final and unqualified." Mr. Adams had been for several months a central figure in the Bernard Goldfine case.

BRITISH RACING YACHT *SCEPTRE* EMPHATICALLY DEFEATEDBY THE AMERICAN *COLUMBIA* IN THE AMERICA'S CUP SERIES.

THE AMERICAN YACHT *COLUMBIA* (ABOVE) CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE ON SEPTEMBER 24 TO WIN THE SECOND RACE IN THE BEST FOUR OUT OF SEVEN RACES AGAINST BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER, *SCEPTRE*.



(Left.) AFTER ROUNDING THE FIRST BUOY DURING THE SECOND RACE ON SEPT. 24, *SCEPTRE* MAKING A FINE PICTURE WITH HER SPINNAKER FULL TO THE BREEZE, WHILE *COLUMBIA* IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE, ALREADY WELL IN THE LEAD.

(Right.) DURING THE FIRST LEG OF THE SECOND RACE, *COLUMBIA*'S CREW PROVIDING WEIGHT TO AID THEIR VESSEL. SHE WON THIS RACE EASILY, CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE 11 MINS. 42 SECS. AHEAD.



COLUMBIA (LEFT) AND *SCEPTRE* COMING CLOSE TO A FIREFLOAT DURING THE AMERICA'S CUP SECOND RACE, DECLARED VOID AS NEITHER VESSEL COULD FINISH THE COURSE IN THE PRESCRIBED TIME.



A MISHAP TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S CHALLENGER DURING THE CRITICAL FOURTH RACE: MEMBERS OF *SCEPTRE*'S CREW STRUGGLE TO RECAPTURE THE SPINNAKER AFTER IT BROKE LOOSE.

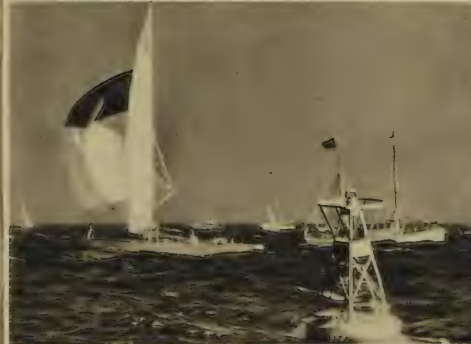


ON THE FIRST LEG OF THE THIRD OF THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES: *COLUMBIA* SAILING THROUGH ROUGH WATER. THE HEAVY WEATHER—BELIEVED TO BE FAVOURABLE TO *SCEPTRE*—DID NOT ENABLE HER TO WIN.



points. First, it is generally agreed that the British crew sailed beautifully, giving little away tactically to the Americans. True, greater experience in racing *Sceptre* in top competition might have avoided slight mistimed, but the Americans themselves are full of praise for *Sceptre*'s crew. At the same time, it is recognised that *Sceptre* was definitely inferior to the Stephens-designed defender, *Columbia*. Her inability to sail to windward fast in a fresh

On September 26 the American 12-metre yacht *Columbia* won a sure and decisive victory over the British *Sceptre* and, by easily beating the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenger for the fourth time in succession, set the seal of triumph for the United States on this, the seventeenth series for the America's Cup. Yachting enthusiasts and experts the world over are still discussing *Sceptre*'s disastrous failure, and a great many of them agree on the following



COLUMBIA CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE BETWEEN THE BUOY (FOREGROUND) AND THE COMMITTEE BOAT (BACKGROUND), TO WIN THE THIRD RACE AGAINST BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER, *SCEPTRE*.



THE FOURTH AND FINAL RACE, IN "SCEPTRE WEATHER": A CLOSE-UP OF *SCEPTRE* AND HER CREW AS SHE RAN THROUGH THE TROUGH OF A WAVE.



BEFORE HER VICTORY IN THE FOURTH RACE BY WHICH THE UNITED STATES RETAINED THE TROPHY AND THE SERIES WAS BROUGHT TO AN END: *COLUMBIA* SAILING STRONGLY BEFORE THE WIND.

breeze or light weather was most marked: *Sceptre*'s hull, in fact, was the main cause of her failure. Her full and rounded bow was a source of slowness, causing her to slam into waves which had little effect on *Columbia*'s speed and smoothness. Since *Sceptre* was designed as a heavy weather boat, the crucial race was the third one, when, for the first time, stronger winds prevailed. But even with this advantage, *Sceptre* limped home eight minutes and four



LOSING WITH ALL COLOURS FLYING, *SCEPTRE*, HER FRENCH TRICOLOR SPINNAKER FULL TO THE 25 M.P.H. WIND, CROSSING THE FINISHING LINE NEARLY A MILE BEHIND *COLUMBIA*.

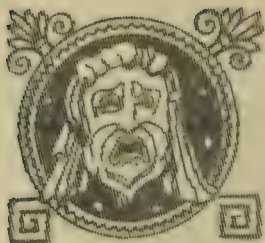


THE VICTORIOUS DEFENDER: *COLUMBIA*'S CREW STARTING TO FURL SAIL AFTER HER FOURTH VICTORY OVER *SCEPTRE*, ON SEPTEMBER 26.



A CHEER FOR THE LOSERS: THE VICTORIOUS CREW OF *COLUMBIA* HAILING *SCEPTRE* AS SHE CROSSES THE FINISHING LINE 1 MIN. AND 5 SECS. AFTER HER RIVAL IN THE FINAL RACE.

seconds behind *Columbia*. After the America's Cup had been retained, Mr. Olin Stephens, *Columbia*'s designer, said: "I feel *Columbia* was the better boat of the two. I think that the difference was magnified by the amount of competition we got from the other boats in the defence trials; *Columbia*'s performance would not have been anything like as outstanding if we had not to beat those other boats."



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



SOME ACTING FOR A CHANGE

By ALAN DENT.

ALL these deep-chested peasant-girls, each one out-topping her predecessor and pushing brazenly forward in the race for so-called stardom, denote only too well—to twist Hamlet's phrase—the form and pressure of our time, and lose the name of acting.

This being said, it is a pleasure to welcome some new young women—three of them completely new to me at least—who obviously think it is even more important to be able to *act* than simply to be able to captivate in the old primeval way. Not a single one of them is Italian!

First—and by far the richest in achievement as well as promise—comes Tatiana Samoilova in a simple, moving, and refreshingly non-propaganda Russian film called "The Cranes Are Flying." This, incidentally, might have been a superlative film if it did not so often resort to trick-photography, swirling trees and clouds to denote that a character has taken to his or her heels, and all that sort of Citizen-Kanery. Aside from these mannerisms, which obtrude about three times too often, and never *essentially* (as in the best work of Orson Welles, Carol Reed, etc.), this direct Russian film tells a simple human story of a girl called Veronica. She married a young musician who is a shirker and a coward when her true sweetheart, Boris, went to the war, apparently forgot her, and was posted as missing.

When the time of victory-parades duly arrives, Veronica goes to meet her true love, convinced that he is still alive and will return. She carries a great bunch of flowers, and Hope gradually ebbs from her face as she hands a blossom to every happy stranger she meets. The crowds here, as in one or two earlier scenes, are compact of humanity (instead of suggesting, as in nearly all British and American films, a mere conglomeration of supers acting away like anything!). But it is Miss Samoilova's shattering and piercing pathos

enough to be her uncle at least. This Dominique, it seems, realised that the gentleman was married but failed to realise that he was a libertine!

Just when we are about to utter a not very deeply offended tut-tut at the a-morality of all this, the ravishing little newcomer, Christine Carere, gives one of her uncertain smiles and captivates us utterly. She must be said to be well

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



TATIANA SAMOILOVA, WHO HAS ACHIEVED A GREAT SUCCESS AS VERONICA IN THE MOVING RUSSIAN FILM, "THE CRANES ARE FLYING" (DIRECTED BY MIKHAIL KALATOZOV)—THE STORY OF AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE AND A LOVE-AFFAIR. (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, SEPTEMBER 12.)

Of his choice this week Alan Dent writes: "Tatiana Samoilova has made and deserved a sensational success in the Russian film called 'The Cranes Are Flying' (directed by Mikhail Kalatozov). She has talent and pathos as well as looks and youth. She is incomparably the best young actress to emerge from Soviet Russia since the war and even, one would say, since the Revolution. She is refreshingly without affectation, and would be one's very first choice for any Russian film to be made out of Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina' or for the heroines of Turgenev's novels—the exquisite Elena, for example, in 'On the Eve.'"

within the transparent skin of the character of Dominique. "What an impudent little beauty!"—as Hassan said when he first glimpsed Yasmin. But the virtue of the performance is that this Dominique seems far less conscious of her own charm than genuinely shocked at her own unthinking behaviour. She even achieves a hint of contrition at the end when she goes back to the Sorbonne and her fellow-student's safer company. Miss Carere has a future. One would rather speculate on it than on the bland and greying

charm of Rossano Brazzi, who plays the glum Lothario, or on the character of his wife as played by Joan Fontaine—a lady so smart and so excessively rich that she spends nearly all her time changing from one confection into another. She inhabits a house whose silken hangings are pale blue and whose beds are heliotrope, and even when she is packing rather half-heartedly in order

to leave her husband, she changes into yet another gown—what one might call a running-away dress. What a prancing clothes-horse of a performance!

We are probably meant to take "The Defiant Ones" (directed by Stanley Kramer) as a symbolic statement, and even as a solution, of the colour-bar problem. It is nothing so profound or so desirable. It is simply an anecdote—superbly told—of two fugitives from a chain-gang, one black and one white, who are fettered together and who have a nightmare of a time trying to get their chain broken and to escape severally. They are played by Sidney Poitier (unimprovable, first-rate) and by Tony Curtis (vastly improved).

These two characters violently dislike one another. We are asked to believe that the danger and distress they have to share bring them closer in spirit and eventually dissolve their dislike. A deserted wife in a shack gives them food and hospitality—willingly to the white man, unwillingly to the black one. She tells the latter a way of escape through a swamp leading to a railway-track. She tells the white man when he awakes that she has finally got rid of his companion thus, the swamp being impassable and full of quicksands. Believe it or not, the white man knocks the woman down and goes off to save his comrade.

The immediate point is that this wanton woman is quite devastatingly well played by an actress called Cara Williams, who uses no glamour, finery, or make-up, for the simple and sufficient reason that she has none to use. Instinctively she unpins her slatternly hair, and lets a drawl in her voice do the rest. This is a piece of acting.

The fourth young woman of the week is Jeannie Carson, a startling and bonny redhead, who returns from a meteoric success in American Television to play a wee schoolmistress in the Hebridean island of Todday, the setting of the



IS IT PINK? JANET (JEANNIE CARSON), FATHER JAMES (NOEL PURCELL) AND JOSEPH (ALEX MACKENZIE) IN A SCENE FROM THE J. ARTHUR RANK FILM "ROCKETS GALORE," IN WHICH PINK SEAGULLS PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN ISLANDERS AND ROCKET-STATION BUILDERS. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, MARBLE ARCH, SEPTEMBER 19.)

which is the most unforgettable thing in a film which will not be easily forgotten. In the earlier scenes—most of all, perhaps, in the opening shot which simply shows the two young lovers running away from the camera for the whole length of a long bridge, and leaping and dancing for joy as they run—she has often and often a lyrical lightness and grace which are breathtaking. This early happiness makes the girl's ultimate resignation and regret all the more moving.

The emotion in "A Certain Smile" (directed by Jean Negulesco) is much less genuine, for this is merely a glossy film made out of Mlle. Sagan's almost unprecedentedly glossy novelette of the same title. (One says "almost," because nothing could out-do her first novelette, "Bonjour Tristesse," in sheer gloss.) The book depended for its whole effect on the shock of a very young girl choosing to trick a sweetheart of her own age and spend a week on the Riviera with a married libertine old



THE YOUNG STUDENT WITH HER AGEING LOVER: DOMINIQUE (CHRISTINE CARERE) AND LUC (ROSSANO BRAZZI) IN A SCENE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM "A CERTAIN SMILE," WHICH IS BASED ON FRANÇOISE SAGAN'S NOVEL "UN CERTAIN SOURIRE." (LONDON PREMIERE: CARLTON, HAYMARKET, SEPTEMBER 18.)

film of Sir Compton Mackenzie's "Rockets Galore" (directed by Michael Relph). This is in a sense a sequel to that gorgeous joke, "Whisky Galore"—for we are in the same island, and here again are Jean Cadell as a dour old woman bullying her big son, Gordon Jackson, even though he is now married and has a bairn coming. Here, too, is Duncan Macrae fiddling at a spree, and some new delightful people like Noel Purcell as a Priest, and some English interlopers like Roland Culver and Donald Sinden and Nicholas Phipps. The last lot are great fools who hope to disinherit the island in order to set up a rocket-station. How they are foiled because of the ornithological discovery of pink seagulls—and how exactly the gulls became pink—must be left for visitors to this joyous film to find out.

Miss Carson does richly with a poor little part. And now all of us—like some thirty million American Viewers—must dream of Jeannie with the bright red hair!

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"IMITATION GENERAL" (Generally Released: September 15).—Glenn Ford as a Sergeant pretends to be a General in order to lead some leaderless soldiers into safety. Red Buttons provides comic relief, and Taina Elg is the inevitable female decoration.

"THE LEFT-HANDED GUN" (Generally Released: September 22).—Paul Newman handsomely presents Billy the Kid, the ferrety young bandit who committed murder twenty-one times before he was twenty-one.

"MERRY ANDREW" (Generally Released: September 29).—Danny Kaye is intermittently very funny as an English archaeologist who comes face to face, like another Daniel, with live lions.

THE NEW LEBANESE GOVERNMENT TAKES OVER: CLASHES IN BEIRUT.



ON A DAY OF QUIET AFTER A DAY OF STRIFE AND BLOODSHED: LEBANESE SOLDIERS CLEARING ROAD-BLOCKS FROM A STREET IN BEIRUT ON SEPTEMBER 25.



ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 24: CIVILIANS RUSHING FOR SHELTER AFTER FIGHTING HAD BROKEN OUT NEAR THE REBEL-HELD CENTRE OF BEIRUT.



THE AFTERMATH OF THE STREET-FIGHTING IN THE CENTRE OF BEIRUT: FIREMEN HOSING-DOWN A BURNING CAR—ONE OF SEVERAL SET ALIGHT DURING THE CLASHES.



PROTESTING AGAINST THE APPOINTMENT OF RASHID KARAMI AS PRIME MINISTER: SUPPORTERS OF THE FORMER PRESIDENT, MR. CHAMOUN, ON THE MARCH IN BEIRUT.



IN DEFIANCE OF THE NEW LEBANESE GOVERNMENT: CHAMOUN SUPPORTERS ERECTING A BARRICADE NEAR THE PLACE DE CANON, IN BEIRUT, ON SEPTEMBER 25.



THE PRESIDENTIAL CHANGE-OVER: GENERAL CHEHAB (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, MR. CHAMOUN, AFTER BEING SWORN INTO OFFICE.

A strict curfew had been imposed in Beirut on September 23 when General Fuad Chehab was installed as the new President of Lebanon. There had been considerable tension in the city on the preceding days, centred round the kidnapping of Mr. Haddad, a journalist on the newspaper of the Kataeb Party, which supports the former President, Mr. Chamoun. On the morning of September 24 the tension finally came to a head with an outbreak of severe street-fighting in the centre of the city between supporters of the rival parties.

At least ten people died before the Lebanese Army intervened and restored order. The curfew was reimposed and that evening President Chehab announced his new Cabinet, with Rashid Karami, a Sunni Muslim, as Prime Minister. Tension continued in the city, and when, on September 28, the Army proceeded with its task of removing the barricades, there were further clashes. On the same day the final U.S. Marine unit in Lebanon prepared to withdraw leaving about 7500 U.S. land forces still in the country.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"THE HEART'S A WONDER," at the Westminster, is "The Playboy of the Western World." If that sounds odd, let me say quickly that two Dublin writers, Nuala and Mairin O'Farrell, have taken Synge's play and added to it a number of lyrics set to Irish airs. The result is that two kinds of music sound now in this village on a wild coast of Mayo.

First, let me say that I would welcome "The Playboy" if it were acted in masks upon a flight of steps, so long as Synge's dialogue remained unimpaired and audible. "The Heart's a Wonder" does not go to alarming lengths. It is acted, indeed, in the suitably atmospheric set designed by Micheál MacLiammóir. And we never lose Synge's words. What we do get at times is a curious duplication. Thus the name-song, "The Heart's a Wonder," for Christy and Pegeen in the third act, does repeat, in effect, the famous prose passage that goes before it. I am not sure that this is a good thing. In fact, at the première, while listening with pleasure at first to both words and music, I did find myself regretting that I had to hear them during the same night. It was too much for a single occasion: pleasure turned to repletion.

That, I dare say, is ungrateful, because to hear "The Playboy of the Western World" in any circumstances is bound to be an experience, and one we get less often than we think. It is so famous a name, and tossed round so knowingly, that strangers might think it safe in the permanent repertory of the theatre. But I do not remember hearing it on the stage since Denis Carey staged it at the Mercury in the spring of 1948, with Liam Redmond as the Playboy and Eithne Dunne as Pegeen Mike. Denis Carey now directs "The Heart's a Wonder" at the Westminster, and from the first his love of Synge's play is evident.

Naturally one could not go to the new production without recalling the past of "The Playboy." It is fifty-one years since its London production; it had created Abbey Theatre history when it was done in Dublin at the end of January 1907: Maire O'Neill as Pegeen, W. G. Fay as Christy, and Sara Allgood as the Widow Quin. Dublin, objected, apparently, to some of the language (it puzzles us now to say why) and to the description of a garment as "a shift." On the second night much of the first act was played amid a hubbub, and W. G. Fay had to suggest to the audience that anyone who disliked the comedy should leave the building. This merely inflamed the objectors, and the second act went forward with six policemen in the parterre, three in the balcony, and an uproar in the house. The police withdrew at the second interval, but no one in the Abbey heard a word of the final act; (some people were crying "Kill the author!").

Every night the noise went on. By the end of the week a large body of police was on duty round the theatre. A historian wrote: "When the curtain fell on the Saturday night amid thunders of applause, the play had never been heard in the theatre: it had only been heard of in the columns of the newspapers or the gossip in the streets." Still, during the summer London recognised it as a masterpiece, and there was no trouble when it went on again at the Abbey in 1909. There would be excitement, even

so, before "The Playboy" became accepted firmly as a modern classic. When the Abbey players went to America in the autumn of 1911, Irish-Americans began to shout it down. Watches and potatoes were thrown upon the stage in New York. In Philadelphia, early during 1912, the cast of "The Playboy" was arrested for performing "immoral or indecent plays." Lady Gregory said that the informer was a "liquor-seller" who, even before he was turned out for making a disturbance, had managed to find "as

"The Playboy" saw nothing very funny in the long run of abuse that lasted throughout a seven months' tour.

I am sure that many who go to the Westminster must be thinking of those prolonged birth-pangs of a masterpiece. To-day, listening to "The Playboy of the Western World," we cannot discern what could have so troubled its angry audiences, those myopic patriots infuriated by "its fine bit of talk," its "defamation" of the peasant character. Synge talked about establishing a society for the preservation of Irish humour. Now we are aware, as it has been said, that the play is "as much and as little of an insult to Ireland as 'Don Quixote' is to Spain." At the Westminster we listened with all the old rapture to Christy's wooing:

If the mitred Bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl. . . .

and

Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or the Carrowmore?

and Pegeen's responsive:

To think it's me is talking sweetly, Christy Mahon, and I the fright of seven townlands for my biting tongue. Well, the heart's a wonder; and, I'm thinking, there won't be our like in Mayo, for gallant lovers, from this hour to-day.

I have been reviving the old stories—which may be cloudy in some recollections—to postpone the time when I must speak of "The Heart's a Wonder." Let me say now that the Synge dialogue remains a glory, and always must, to those who feel—as the author said—that "in a good play every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or an apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips on poetry." I am glad to have heard the lines again, spoken by Joe Lynch in his Munster accent, Una O'Collins as Pegeen, Milo O'Shea, and Ann O'Dwyer. I am glad to have met once more the imagination that is "fiery, and magnificent and tender." I am glad also to have heard the interpolated songs ("The Potboy," "I'll Be Lonesome This Day," "The Heart's a Wonder," "The Fool of Men," and so on), but I cannot help wishing that I had heard them away from the theatre—at a ballad recital, perhaps. All of this is too much for a single evening. Two hours would be ample. Three must be a surfeit.

Synge wrote in his famous preface, a week before the play was staged: "People have grown sick of the false joy of the musical comedy, that has been given them in place of the rich joy found only in what is superb and wild in reality." I do not think he would have minded the present version of "The Playboy" which has been a work of love, but he might possibly have deemed it superfluous. Sometimes I have wondered what he would have thought of "The Well of the Saints" if that had become, as George Moore said it ought to have been, a "marvellous script for an opera."



A SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL VERSION OF J. M. SYNGE'S "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD": THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN PEGEEN MIKE (UNA COLLINS) AND CHRISTOPHER MAHON (JOE LYNCH) IN "THE HEART'S A WONDER," WHICH OPENED AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE ON SEPTEMBER 18.



THE PLAYBOY FINDS HIMSELF ADMIRER BY THE VILLAGE GIRLS: SARA TANSEY (MAUREEN TOAL), CENTRE LEFT, CHRISTOPHER MAHON AND, IN FRONT OF HIM, WIDOW QUIN (ANN O'DWYER) IN ANOTHER SCENE FROM THE MUSICAL PLAY.

much indecency . . . as would demoralise a monastery." However, the morning in court veered almost to farce, though the company of

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MARIA STUART" (Sadler's Wells).—The company from the Düsseldorf Schauspielhaus in Schiller's drama. (September 29.)
 THREE ELIZABETHAN RARITIES (Birmingham Repertory).—Sir Barry Jackson's company in "Fratricide Punished," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," and "Johan Johan." (September 30.)
 "LIVE LIKE PIGS" (Royal Court).—A new play by John Arden. (September 30.)
 "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF —" (Savoy).—Jack Popplewell's comedy, with Alfred Marks and Nauntun Wayne. (October 1.)
 "VALMOUTH" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Satirical musical comedy by Sandy Wilson, based on Firbank's novel. (October 2.)



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE worst (from the writer's point of view) of a deeply memorable and thrilling triumph is the kind of pessimistic jealousy it sets up. We can't believe his or her next novel will be as good. In a sense, we don't want it to be as good. That was my feeling about "The King Must Die," by Mary Renault (Longmans; 16s.)—which couldn't possibly be "The Last of the Wine," and therefore couldn't and shouldn't compare with it. And for a brief time I was properly disappointed. Till it emerged that there really is no comparison—in spite of appearances. Both have a Greek theme, both are imaginative and learned, but there it ends. "The Last of the Wine" owed its enchantment to what one saw as a resurrection of the past—its view of Socratic Athens—and to a deep pathos. The new tale can't have that magical-seeming authenticity—we don't know enough about the age of Theseus—and doesn't repeat the touching sadness. This is a heroic story.

And the narrator is the Hero. We see him first as a child, in Troizen—a king's grandson who doesn't know his own father, if Poseidon is not his father; and at the end, he has killed the Minotaur and returned to Athens, over his father's dead body. The legend of the Man Born To Be King. But far more than a success-story; for "the King must die." Theseus has known that since he was seven, when the King Horse died. Then he learnt that the god only inspires his own; that power comes from consenting to be a sacrifice. And he is dedicated, even before he starts fighting his way up. But to his own god; not to the custom of Eleusis, where women rule, and the King is a puppet who dies yearly. There is no consent in that, and he overthrows the custom. To take his place among the tribute-victims for Crete of his own free will.

The Cretan scene, with its hypersophistication and rottenness and its super-Bull Ring, is wonderfully imagined: though less deeply and buoyantly exciting than the first part. There we were translated to a heroic dawn; in Crete the epic has become an adventure, and the Hero is grown up. He is a brilliant study, at once credible and attractive. Nowadays we don't go much on men born to be king; but this one, for all his touchiness, his self-assertion, his berserk rages, is a true Shepherd of the People—a protector by instinct. As well as a meddler, for ever doing. Yet the tale, if it has not pathos exactly, has a dark ground. He is recalling it in the day of gloom; and his final act—the well-meant, god-prompted occasion of his father's suicide—is very ambiguous.

OTHER FICTION.

"Discourse With Shadows," by J. E. Malcolm (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), would seem nerveless and thin-blooded in any context, let alone after that. Yet one feels ashamed to think so, because of the subject. For this is a Survivors' threnody. To be sure Franz Grünwald, one of the mourning chorus, has been Frank Greenwood, of Belsize Park, since he was fourteen. But it didn't take; and on his return to Frankfurt after the war, he is as forlorn and spectral as any other shadow. The one he is looking for is his cousin Johann. And thus he comes home at last—to the survivors of Firzen. Three men and a girl, from an "experimental camp" where they tested pain reaction; Johann is childish now. And yet to Franz, there is something very cosy in this twilight *ménage*. Though he and the girl have become lovers, it never strikes him that he could marry her and break out. And he feels an antipathy to Hugon, the fierce young Pole, who has to some extent broken out—while allowing Hugon to drag him with the rest into a retributive murder. For he can't endure to give up his refuge; but the result is fatal to it. . . . All the shadows, except Hugon, discourse in turn; and it is no good sign that I had to keep checking up on them. Yet the novel has a pale, jittery distinction, and is well meant.

"The Gold Slippers," by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), brings us the romantic amplitude of Louisiana in the year 1926. It is a kind of crime novel. Prosper Villac, young, heartfree, and insufficiently engaged by his mother's rice-mill, has been dangling after "swampish" little Titine, who sings Cajun songs in the dance-hall above the grocery store. And goes on dangling, even when his heart is lost to an eligible and grand new-comer. One night, Titine all but announces that she can be had for a pair of gold slippers. Prosper makes the gift; and Titine is found dead in one of his rice-bins. But the grand girl sticks to him, and his slippers were not the only pair. . . . A thread of mystery, in a web of family relations and local colour.

In "The Man Who Was Not Himself," by Joseph Graffy (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), our hero has just caught his wife cheating. So he takes off for France, with a rucksack full of banknotes and the passport of his "double," an Oxford don. In this character he finds himself kidnapped, with other "experts," by one Jean Paludier, who has prepared a resurrection for his country, and means to inaugurate it by blowing up Napoleon's tomb as the New Year strikes. Then he will want the experts as an advisory board. Agreeable; and better as it goes on.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS.

THERE is usually something lively in the chess news from America, and recent months have contributed their quota.

From my recent rough catalogue of chess periodicals in the U.S.A., I omitted "Chess in Action," edited by John E. Almond and published by the Chess Friends of Northern California.

Mr. Almond's latest enterprise, as announced in a recent issue, is to organise the VERY FIRST "WORLD UNDERWATER CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP." Play will be in a swimming-pool with glass sides, one of those where spectators sit placidly drinking tea whilst watching the bathers' antics broadside on. The chess board will be mounted vertically with heavy metal chessmen and the players will dive in alternately to make their moves.

Which recalls to my mind a report of some years ago that Professor Piccard, when diving to unprecedented depths in his "bathyscaphe" to investigate ocean floors, was at least once reported to have taken down, along with his varied scientific equipment, a chess set and board. I should have thought things would be rather too hectic for chess down there, but perhaps the Professor thought a short game might calm his nerves and clear his brain for the spell of intensive observation when the ooze of his descent cleared?

Anyway, John Almond will have to dive very deep to break the record.

Chess in aeroplanes is, of course, commonplace. I have more than once composed these Notes in a plane.

How many trips will manned sputniks make before a chess set is taken along?

Arthur Elliott, once an animator for Walt Disney, has turned out a "Space Chess" set in which the pawns are ground-to-air defence rockets; the rooks are radar towers; the bishops are intercontinental ballistic missiles; the knights are space satellites; the queen is a space ship and the king a space station.

A keen chess-player himself, he has gone to considerable pains to make each piece resemble, as closely as practicable, the old traditional forms.

From America, too, come fresh reports of intensive efforts to chain electronic computing to chess. The things they do these days!

CHESS ON THE RADIO.

Here in England, the B.B.C. is at last giving chess a meed of attention again, and weekly on Network Three until the end of the year, you will hear various of us discussing tricky positions, reminiscing and indulging in Manchester v. London frolics.

This is on Network Three each Tuesday evening at 7 p.m., starting September 30.

C. H. O'D. Alexander is taking on all-comers in a game "Master v. Listeners." This sort of thing has been tried from time to time, the listeners' officially adopted move being that sent by the majority. The result (*pace* the advocates of democracy) has always been that the listeners play a colourless, uninspired game and the expert wins with ease. This time Leonard Barden will select the best move each time from among those sent in; and I can see Alexander having to draw on all his skill to hold his own.

Your Correspondent is setting positions in which he asks you to find (and send in) the winning move.

For an infant rapidly approaching his MCh birthday, chess retains considerable virility.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"MY LORD THE ELEPHANT" AND "TUPU-TUPU-TUPU."

ALL right-minded people feel affection as well as respect for the elephant. It is difficult to analyse just what makes so huge a creature so endearing, for bulk, in itself, excites more ridicule than appreciation, and I have never heard the charms of the hippopotamus extolled, except as a target for "bullets made of platinum." Mr. Carrington, of the Amboseli National Reserve, Kenya, confesses "that there will always be a special place in my own heart for the elephants, whether one regards them simply as a noble product of the evolutionary process, or, in Topsell's phrase, as 'a great and ample demonstration of the wisdom of almighty God.' The time is now in any case approaching when even scientists may allow us to regard these two definitions as the same." Such is the attitude which makes his "Elephants" (Chatto and Windus; 25s.) such a delightful book. It covers the whole subject scientifically and historically, with a wealth of photographs and drawings to illustrate the author's points. The reader will find that he has to give up some superstitions to which he may have clung. There is no reason to suppose that the elephant is endowed with superior intelligence—although there is something in the theory that he never forgets. It is quite wrong, too, to believe that the African elephant is untrainable, or that the white elephant is a victim of some disease. Nor does he fear horses unduly, however great may be his phobia concerning dogs. I much enjoyed the remarks of Sir J. E. Tennent on this subject, quoted by Mr. Carrington: "The truth I apprehend to be that, when they meet, the impudence and impertinence of the dog are offensive to the gravity of the elephant, and incompatible with his love of solitude and noiseless repose." (Here, for all my attachment to dogs, I am entirely at one with the elephant, whose chances of securing "solitude and noiseless repose" seem to be so much greater than that of a paterfamilias such as I.)

Elephants have been owned by Henry III and Elizabeth I of England, also by an early nineteenth-century Duke of Devonshire—an appanage, if that is the right word, fully consonant with the dignity of the Cavendish family, and one which the present admirable holder of the title might do well to revive! I did not know that Louis XIV also possessed a specimen, but it does not surprise me in the least to hear that "it was very partial to wine, and insisted on a ration of at least 12 pints daily; it was also given huge pailfuls of soup in which it would dip its bread as dexterously as a modern French taxi-driver taking a snack in the local *bistro*." Mr. Carrington tells us all about catching wild elephants and training them; about the use of elephants in war, as practised by Kublai Khan, Darius, Alexander, Hannibal and Julius Caesar; about elephants for show and entertainment; and about their place in art, folklore, magic and religion. He discusses the evolution of elephants, and their place in geological time, but I cannot say that I found their ancestors very attractive—with the exception of the woolly mammoth, who looks absurd, and a gentleman called *Palæoloxodon mnaidrensis*, who possesses, as well he may, an anxious face. Naturally, the author dislikes killing elephants, except from necessity or self-defence, and he has some singularly unpleasant stories to tell of former callousness in this respect.

This week we are going to "turn and live with the animals," so I will pass on to the graceful and little-known wolverine. It is described in "Tupu-Tupu-Tupu," by Peter Krott (Hutchinson; 21s.). The author is an Austrian who lives in Finland and Sweden. His business is to supply wild animals to zoos, but he fell in love with wolverines some ten years ago, and began to specialise in them. His book takes its title from the call which these creatures recognise and answer. They have, it appears, an undeserved bad reputation, largely because they live a more secluded life than most other beasts of prey, but they can easily be tamed, and make affectionate pets. Mr. Krott persuaded his specimens to settle down on a private reserve with such odd companions as a lynx and two elks. Later he let them run wild, in order to observe their habits, and this led to what was known as the "tupu" war in the Swedish Press, when local landowners and sportsmen began to complain. This book contains some of the best illustrations I have ever seen.

With "The Silver Brumby," by Elyne Mitchell (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), we move to Australia. This is an animal "romance" about a wild stallion who spent his life evading capture by man, and found a "secret valley" where he could roam free and untamed. Of its kind—and the kind is fairly well marked—this book is good, and will certainly give much pleasure to many readers. It is just a trifle too romantic for my own taste.

Big-game angling is not everyone's cup of tea, and if I ever caught a common hammerhead shark, I should be much puzzled how to dispose of it. But the sport is becoming more and more popular, and those who are thinking of trying it could not do better than read "Big Game Angling," by J. H. Bennett (Faber; 30s.). The author gives much practical advice about tackle and equipment, as well as about quarry, and does not neglect the important question of budget.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE VAUXHALL VELOX.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

INTRODUCED in the spring, the new Vauxhall *Velox* carries on a well-known model name but is wider and lower than its predecessors, and of very modern full-width styling.

From the wide "wrap-round" screen the roof-line curves gracefully back to the rear window, which has a pronounced rake, and which, with the adjacent quarter windows, has much the same appearance as the screen. Bonnet, front wing and boot-lid lines also curve gently downwards, so that there is nothing above the waist-line to cause any obstruction to the outward view from the car except the reasonably slender pillars.

The low, wide radiator grille, the headlamps slightly cowed by the front wing-tips, the paired side and indicator lamps, and the substantial front bumper which wraps round the wings to afford a measure of side protection, make the front of the car quite distinctive. The curvature of the body sides, the chromium-plated moulding which runs right along them, and the slight fins along the crown of the rear wings combine to make the side view of the car attractive as well.

Despite the low build—the overall height is only 57 ins.—the headroom is adequate, and the four doors are wide enough to give easy access to the interior. The backward-sloping screen pillars do not in practice cause the obstruction to the front doors that one expects.

Interior room is generous, and both the front bench-type seat and the rear seat can take three adults of average size in real comfort. Arm-rests are provided on all doors, and the rear seat has a wide folding centre arm-rest. The upholstery at first impressed me as on the firm side, but proved to be surprisingly comfortable on a long run. Vynide is used for the trim, which on the test car was red, to contrast with the black exterior finish.

From the driver's point of view the controls are well placed provided that the seat-mounting is adjusted to suit him, as a purchaser of the car would have done before delivery. As it was, I found the seat a little low in relation to the steering-wheel, so that the upper arc of the wheel was seen against the surface of the road as a background, unless I moved the easily-adjustable seat too far forward for comfort.

The cowed speedometer and matching grouped instruments—temperature and fuel gauges and ammeter—are readily seen through the two-spoked 17-in. wheel on which is a half horn-ring. The gear lever projects to the left and is one of the best steering-column controls I have yet handled, and the flashing indicator switch lever projects to the right within finger-tip reach. The pull-up hand-brake control is merely turned to release its ratchet.

In action, the very good top-gear performance at once becomes obvious. The 6-cylinder over-square engine, with bore and stroke of 79.4 mm. and 76.2 mm. (2262 c.c.), gives 76 b.h.p. net at 4400 r.p.m. with a modest compression ratio, for these days, of 7.8 to 1, but its low-speed performance is unusually good. It produces its maximum torque at only 1800 r.p.m. As a result, it will pull away smoothly on top gear from 10 m.p.h. and will reach 30 m.p.h. in less than 9 secs., maintaining the same rapid acceleration up to nearly 50 m.p.h.

This is flexibility of a high order, and the lazy driver need seldom change gear. But as efficient synchromesh mechanism is provided on first gear, as well as on second and top, one does not have to be an expert driver to obtain the even more lively acceleration made available by their use.

From rest the *Velox* attains 30 m.p.h. in 4.7 secs. and 60 m.p.h. in 17 secs., the gears being used, of course. Second is particularly useful for overtaking slow-moving traffic, and on it a maximum of 60 m.p.h. does not distress the engine, although it is seldom required because of the good top-gear performance. Some hum from the gearbox is audible on second gear.

Road-holding is good, on wet or dry roads. The low build is not merely a styling measure, for it brings the centre of gravity down to only 23 ins. from the ground, and this, combined with springing that strikes a nice balance between firmness and comfort, and gives a flat ride free from pitching, results in very little roll in fast cornering. The steering, too, is light and precise, with ample self-centring action and a nice degree of understeer. In short, the *Velox* handles well and its road manners are excellent: it does what the driver wants it to do.

On a journey over give-and-take roads it is surprising how often the orange-coloured arc of the speedometer dial—used in place of a conventional pointer—extends up to 70 m.p.h. Given a sufficiently long straight the maximum speed appears to be not far short of 90 m.p.h. Cruising

speed may be anywhere between 60 and 80 m.p.h., according to road conditions. The engine has a crankshaft vibration damper and it remains smooth, although becoming audible at times. Wind noise remains at a low level.

Brakes, hydraulically operated and with two leading shoes in the front drums, call for only light pedal pressures to produce very satisfactory results. In fast driving they produced no symptoms of fading.

As tested, the car weighed 24 cwt. without occupants, which is light for a six-seater saloon. Its low build presents small frontal area and its shape suggests that drag is low. Its final drive ratio is 4.1 to 1. These factors help to explain its lively performance, which is not obtained at the expense of fuel consumption. Over a journey which included fast driving and also considerable town traffic, fuel consumption averaged 24 m.p.g.

Practical features which appeal to me are the under-bonnet space, and the accessibility of the battery for topping-up and of the dipstick, distributor and petrol pump. The bonnet top is counter-balanced for easy opening, is released by a lever at the top of the radiator grille, and has a safety catch. It was noticeable, however, that the wide bonnet top vibrates when the car is in motion, although it does not appear to create any noise.

Ample luggage-space is provided in the boot, which has a flat, unobstructed floor with the spare wheel recessed below it. The boot lid locks automatically when closed, and is self-supporting when opened so that luggage can be easily and quickly loaded. Tools are carried at the side of the boot.

Equipment of the *Velox* also includes an ashtray in the fascia, the top panel of which is covered in black Vynide to prevent reflections in the screen, an ashtray in the back of the front seat, dual sun-visors, two-speed electric screen-wiper, double-tone horns, press-button locks, a key-operated lock to the driver's door, no-draught ventilators, interior roof lamp and built-in fresh-air ventilation with its intake at the base of the screen.

Optional extras are a heater, which fits into the ventilation system, radio, screen-washer, fog lamps, and roof rack. The price of the car without extras is £655 basic, plus £328 17s. purchase tax, and at the

total of £983 17s. it offers an unusual combination of comfort and performance with economy which is certainly good value.

MOTORING NOTES.

IN Paris on Thursday last the 45th Salon de l'Automobile was opened in the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées. British cars are well represented and, as usual, attract attention for their good finish. The exhibition is open daily, Sundays included, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. until October 12.

The annual Motor Show at Earls Court, the forty-third of the series, organised by the S.M.M.T., will be opened at 12 noon on Wednesday, October 22, by the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P., the Home Secretary. Of some 530 exhibitors more than sixty will be car manufacturers, and a newcomer will be the little D.A.F. from Holland with a flat, twin air-cooled engine and an automatic transmission employing V-belts to each rear wheel.

Owing to the extended responsibilities due to expansion, the offices of chairman and of managing director of the British Motor Corporation have been separated, Sir Leonard Lord being appointed Executive Chairman and Mr. G. W. Harriman sole Managing Director.

Pre-Show announcements of new models include the Hillman *Minx*, with a larger engine of 1494 c.c. having a compression ratio of 8.5 to 1 and a maximum power output of 52.5 b.h.p. at 4400 r.p.m. Prices of the de luxe saloon, convertible, and special saloon remain unchanged, but that of the estate car has been reduced by a total of £40 10s. (£27 basic, £13 10s. purchase tax).

A new Bristol two-door saloon, known as *Type 406*, has been introduced by Bristol Cars Ltd. Most important changes are the increase in engine size to 2.2 litres and the fitting of Dunlop disc brakes for all four wheels. The new body gives more passenger space, and has a steel framework welded to the chassis frame and panelled in aluminium. The basic price is £2995 and purchase tax £1498 17s., the total being £4493 17s.



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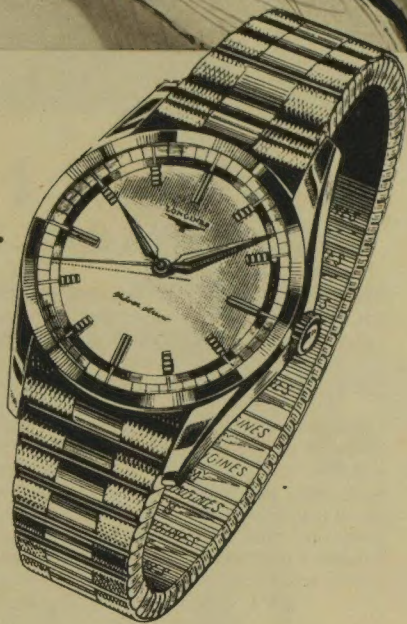
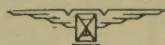


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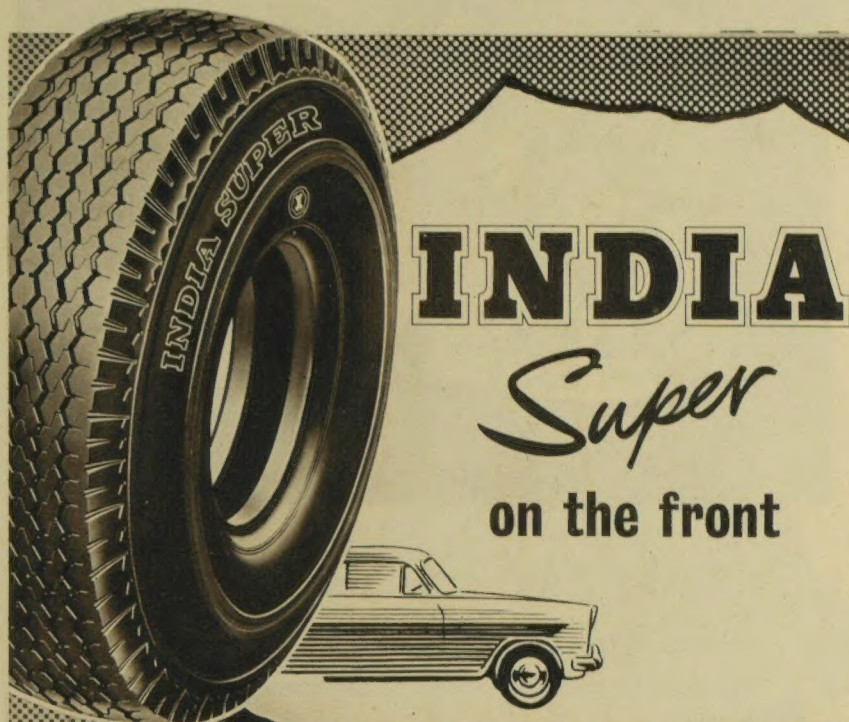
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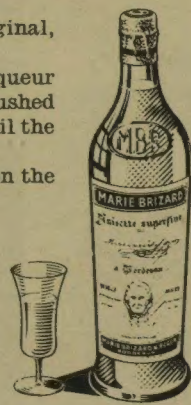
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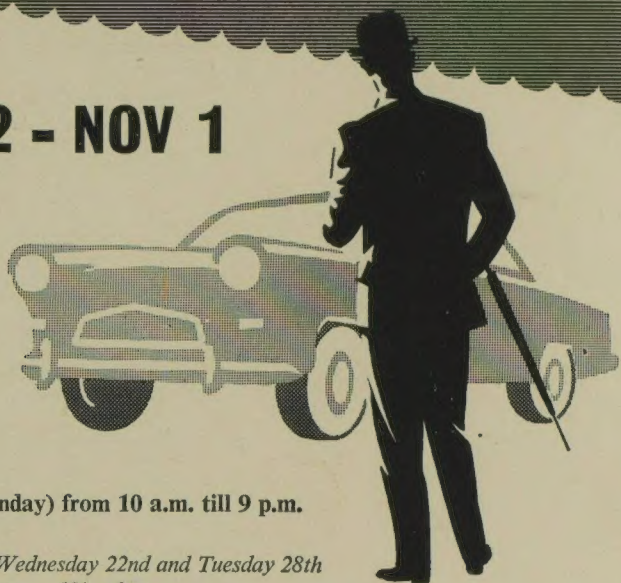


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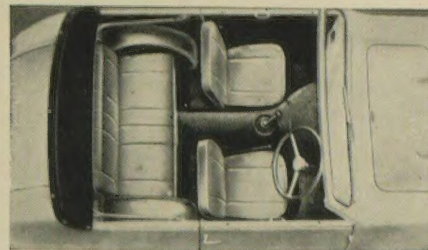
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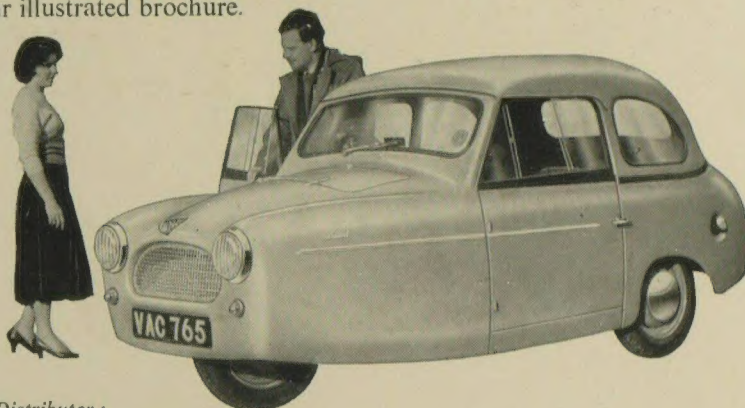
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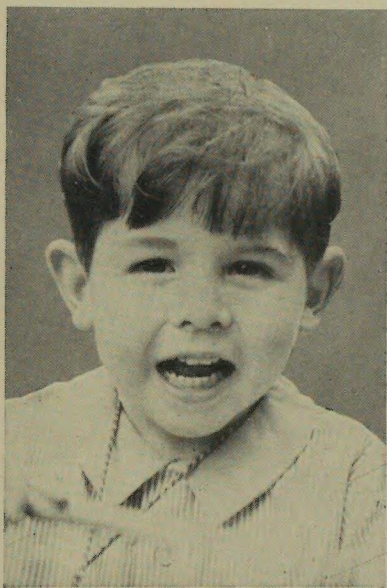
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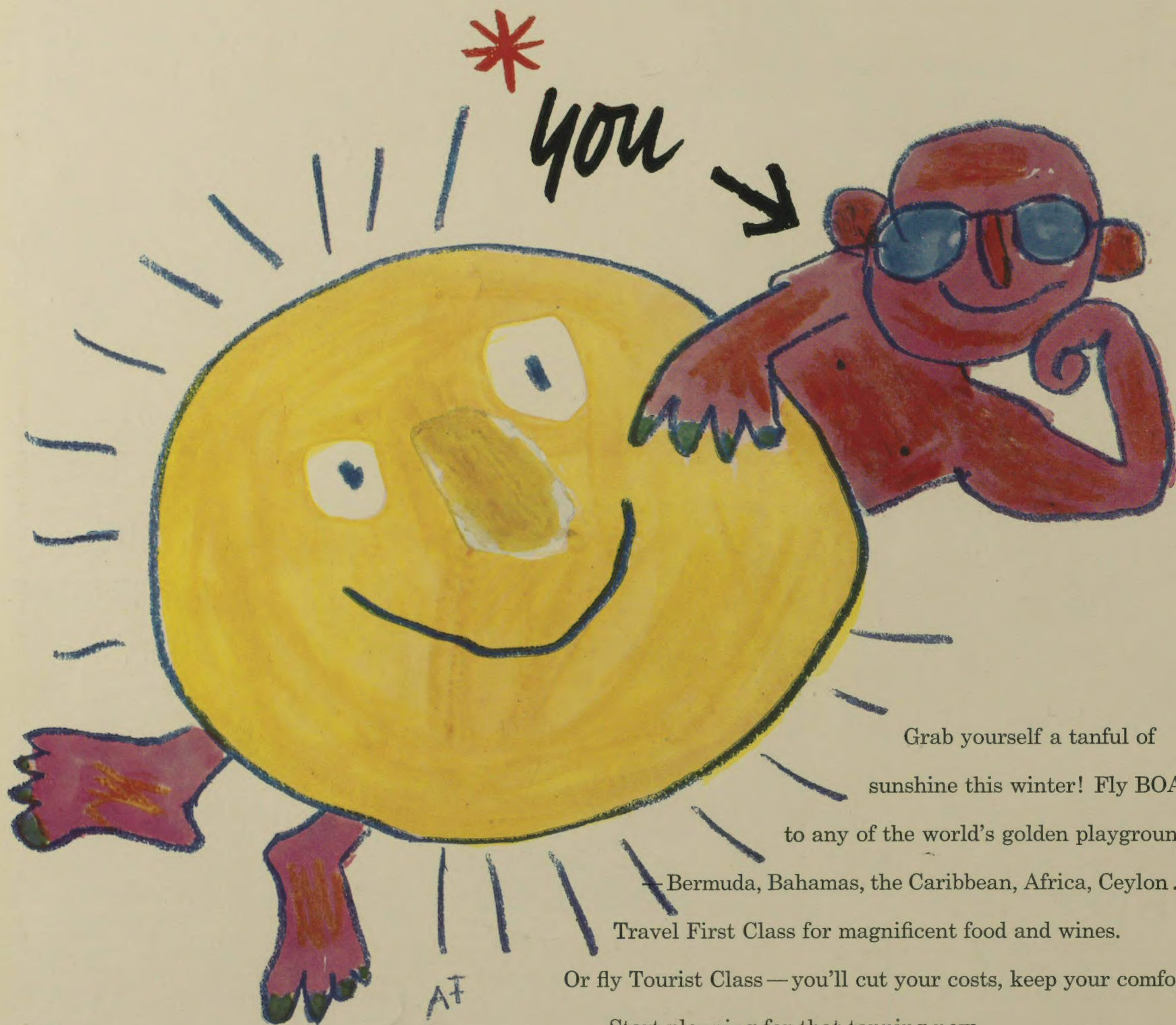
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